SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

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SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11, 1832.

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FOREIGN SELECTIONS:

From Papers &c. rec'd by the York, Ajax, and Rhone.

By the arrival at this port from Liverpool of the packet ship YORK, Capt. Bursley, on Friday evening of last week, (after our paper had gone to press,) and of the AJAX, Capt. Horn, on Saturday morning, we have received London dates to the 27th and Liverpool to the 28th inclusive. By the packet RHONE, Capt. Hathaway, from Havre, which also arrived on Saturday, Paris dates to the 24th and Havre to the 25th of June have been received.

As many of our readers will have had the *news* spread before them in the "dailies" before our sheet reaches them, we have confined our selections principally to those matters which come more immediately within the design of our paper, merely giving an *abstract* of the most *important* items of intelligence.

The King of England, while attending the Ascot Heath races, was struck by a stone thrown at him with such force as nearly to knock him down. He staggered back several paces, exclaiming "My God! I am hit!" and at the same instant another stone was thrown, which however did no injury. The King was stunned by the blow, but soon recovered himself, and assured his attendants that he had received no serious injury. The stone struck him fair in the forehead, just above the rim of his hat, which probably preserved his life. He was soon so far recovered from the effects of the blow as to present himself at the window to assure the multitude of his safety, and was received with three hearty cheers.

The wretch who threw the stone was apprehended instantly, without attempting either to escape or resist. He stated that he was connected with no one—that he had been a pensioner, and was turned out of Greenwich Hospital, since which he had petitioned the King to have him reinstated in the Hospital, or in some other way provided for, and his petition not having been attended to, he had resolved to be revenged on the King on the first opportunity.

This affair had created a great sensation throughout England, and would doubtless increase the King's popularity. Both houses of Parliament had addressed the King on the subject, expressing their horror and indignation at the assault which had been made upon him.

"LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF AMERICAN LIFE."—In this new work, just published under the superintendence of Miss Mitford, will be found the following striking stories by the most distinguished writers of the New World:—The Politician—Elizabeth Latimer—The Squatter—Pinchon—The Devil's Pulpit—The Pinnacle—The Young Backwoodsman—Major Edgerton—An Adventure at Sea—The Green Mountain Boy—Azure Cobus Yerks—The Wag-water—The Azure Hose—The Three Indians—Modern Chivalry—The Isle of Flowers—The Last of the Boatmen, &c.

[American literature must be decidedly popular in England to induce an authoress of the celebrity of Miss Mitford to undertake a compilation of tales and sketches from the fugitive productions of our writers. Those above mentioned have in general met with a favorable reception here; and they are calculated to impart juster notions of our country and its inhabitants than some other professed delineations of our 'domestic manners.' It will be seen that Miss M. has drawn largely upon the writers of our city.]

ANECDOTE OF ONE OF THE FITZJORDANS. One of the Fitzclarences who holds a high rank in the 7th Fusileers, happened to be dining with the mess of that regiment, when the Adjutant, a gentleman who had not acquired that dexterity and precision in the art of carving, which, among other important accomplishments, are possibly essential to complete success in the higher walks of life—was called upon to perform some anatomical ceremony of the table. The deficiency of the non-professor of carving caught the eye of the cultivated and court-bred Colonel, who judged it gentlemanly immediately to display some little indications of contempt for a person so sadly wanting in the grand art of dissection. Some particular instance of failure at last prompted him to say, with a flippancy worthy of the folly of the sentiment, "My *father* says, that he considers excellence in carving to be the criterion of the habits of a gentleman." The insult was not suffered to pass without its reply; for quietly pausing in his labor, and significantly fixing his eye upon the colonel, the unpractised carver proceeded to show that he could speak 'daggers,' if he could not use knives, by coolly inquiring '*And pray sir, what maybe your mother's opinion on that head?*'

STRONG WATERS.—Maurice O'Connell had, or fancied he had, a touch of the Cholera last week. On the first twinge of the gripes he made a rush into a chemist's shop, and accosted a sleek shopman thus—"What's the strongest thing you have in your shop, Masther?" "The strongest?" replied the matter-of-fact compounder of drugs,—'why aqua fortis.' "By Jabers!" then said Maurice, "if it's aqua *fifties* give me hould of a drap of it, for I've got the divil's own pain in my *bowls*."—[Age.

DARING ROBBERY.—On the occasion of a late splendid fete given by the Duke of Devonshire, (London,) owing to the difficulty of approach, many of the visitants to Devonshire House walked even from Bond-street. Among others, a nobleman handed out his lady, and, whilst his back was turned, a man in the crowd made a rush, dragged from the neck of the lady a diamond necklace, and escaped in the confusion arising from the surprise. The lady, on reaching Devonshire House, fainted away; and she remained in the porter's lodge for some time insensible.—We hear that the necklace was valued at six hundred guineas.

"Medical Institution for *working* People," is inscribed over a Cholera Medicine shop in East Southfield.—*London Age.*

Sir Walter Scott's state leaves no room to hope that he can live many days or even hours. He has nearly lost all consciousness, and cannot recognize the identity of his relatives who are admitted to his room. He has been attended by Dr. Holland and Sir Henry Halford.

STEPHEN PRICE, Esq. the ex-Lessee of Drury-lane, and at present, we understand, the proprietor of the most prosperous theatre in the United States, has "put more money into the purses of English actors by their engagements in America than all the other managers of theatres across the Atlantic put together." Charles Mathews, Kean, Cooke, Wallack, Madam Malibran, Chas. Incledon, and many others, received each of them many thousands by the exercise of their dramatic talents in the New World, and they were all, we believe, engaged by Mr. Price. The late Mr. John Kemble at one time agreed to go to America, and five or six thousand pounds were secured to him for one season, by Mr. Price, but ill health prevented his undertaking the voyage. Immense advantages were often tendered to Mrs. Siddons during her life-time, which, from timidity, as it related to a long passage at sea, that great luminary of the drama rejected.

It is stated in the Globe that Charles Kemble and his daughter Fanny have finally arranged with Price to perform one year in the principal theatres of the United States, for which they will take their departure in July, when they have finished their engagements in Scotland.

It is reported that Wallack has been induced by the lessee of Drury-lane to forego his expedition to the United States, and the more readily since it is now certain that C. Kemble and his daughter are going there, upon a guarantee that they shall receive a large sum.

A letter received by the York states that Wallack has taken passage for this country in the packet ship Sheffield.

The receipt on Mr. Sheridan Knowles's benefit only amounted to about £200, while the performance preceding it brought £110, and that which followed it at least as much.

It is said that the creditors of a great insolvent are to be disappointed at last. The property of the wife, it is now made known, cannot be touched.—*Court Journal.*

[This refers to M. Malibran, who married the celebrated Signorina Garcia, now Madame de Beriot.]

SUMMARY DEALING WITH THE DOCTORS.—The mob at Paisley, by way of giving the Cholera fair play, have sent the doctors to the right about.—Twenty-one have resigned their offices as district surgeons, from the fear of receiving some mark of mob favor. The inhabitants will now have to contend only with the cholera, instead of both the doctors and the cholera.—*Age.*

WARNING TO NAVIGATORS IN TROUBLED WATERS.—A bomb-ketch *Crewe* lately sustained very considerable damage from shipping too much *Spray*. It is hoped that future *Crewes* will keep a sharper look-out ahead.—*Ib.*

THE GOLDEN AGE.—"I have been long before the public, and have now arrived at an age—" said Plunkett. "Yes," whispered Londonderry, "patron-age."—*Ib.*

CITY FASHIONABLES.—The Right Honorable the Lord Mayor of London, on Sunday last, took his tea with Mrs. Snookes, a tripe-maker's widow, in Wapping, who is his Lordship's aunt.—*Ib.*

A jockey in Mullingar fair, who had bargained with a countryman for a horse that happened to have a bald face, observed to the latter, that he *looked pale in the face*; yes, said the countryman and if you had looked through a halter as long as he has done, you would be pale in the face too.

During the French revolution, a convincing trial was made of the effects of imagination. Two convicts were sentenced to die by bleeding. One had his arm thrust through a door—he heard and felt the prick of the lancet, which, however, did not penetrate beyond the skin, but a small stream of water was made to flow on the vein—it felt to the patient as if his blood was flowing—he grew fainter and fainter, and finally died from the influence of imagination.

DR. FRANKLIN AND THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.—When Dr. Franklin was first presented to the Queen of France, it was in company with several other distinguished foreigners, who according to etiquette knelt before her majesty and kissed her hand. When the Doctor's turn came, he walked boldly up, and suddenly putting his arm round her majesty's neck, gave her a hearty smack on the cheek, at the same time exclaiming 'that's the Yankee fashion.' It is said the Queen was highly pleased with the salute, although so different from what she had been accustomed to receive from foreign ministers.

A pedagogue who was fond of hunting was seen by one of his employers in the act of shooting a hawk that had taken its station on a tree near the school-house, while the windows of the house were crowded with urchins, earnestly watching the master.—"Ah!" said the farmer, "*you are teaching the young ideas how to shoot!*"

JUDICIOUS TITLE.—Du Bellay addressed the following epigram to a foolish author, who entitled his work "*Nugæ, or Trifles:*"

"Paul, I have read your book; and though you write ill,
I yet must praise your most judicious title."

A Highland officer on perambulating a camp, observing two of his men lying dead drunk in the rear of the camp, called out,—'Serjeant, whatna twa tamn'd rascals are thae?' 'It's Shon Macdonald and Donald's Cameron, Officer.' 'Puir Donald Cameron! Tak him into his tent, and throw a planket o'er him for fear he should get cauld; but tak that tamn'd scoundrel Shon Macdonald in the rear guard.' The officer's name was Cameron.

It is said that Lord Lyndhurst has frequently since his marriage, declared that he should not object to the *Repeal of the Union.*

FASHION.—In the sixth and seventh centuries, the French sovereigns and the princes of royal blood wore their hair as long as it would grow; but the nobility shortened theirs a little; and the common man was obliged to "move and have his being" with a shorn occiput. If an individual was to be stripped of his nobility, the first step towards disgrace was to deprive him of his head of hair.

HEATH, the eminent engraver, has in progress a gallery of the most distinguished beauties in the world; with illustrations by the authors of Romance and Reality. (Mr Louisa E. Lathom.)

A NATURAL MISTAKE.—A black servant being examined in the Church Catechism, by the minister of the parish, was asked, "What are you made of?" Cato answered, "Of mud, massa." On being told he should say "of dust," he replied, "No, massa, it no do—no stick togedder."

SINGULAR MARKS OF FRIENDSHIP.—Mirabeau had a *valet-de-chambre* whose name was Teutch. Teutch's personal services lasted a long time; for Mirabeau was very *recherché* in his toilet; and, moreover, sometimes amused himself with kicking and thumping Teutch, who considered these rough caresses as marks of friendship. When, from occupation or some other cause, several days had elapsed without any such tokens being given, poor Teutch was very sad, and his service seemed to weigh heavily upon him. "What is the matter, Teutch?" said his master one day, "you look very melancholy." "Monsieur le Comte neglects me quite." "How! what do you mean?" said Mirabeau. "Monsieur le Comte has not taken any notice of me for this week past." Thus it was really a necessary act of humanity to give him now and then a good blow in the stomach, and if he were knocked down, he laughed heartily and was quite delighted.—*Dumont's Mirabeau.*

GAIETY OF THE BLACKS IN AMERICA.—At Lexington, Ky. I was much amused at the master-aping manners of the slaves. They give themselves great airs. On Sundays they either hire hacks, or more commonly ride their master's horses. I saw dozens of them, attended by their females, playing the agreeable on horseback, and, "doing a bit of park" a la militaire.—*Vigne's Six Months in America.*

ANONYMOUS LETTER-WRITING.—An anonymous letter is a mode of moral murder, which, using only a pen for a poinard, and an inkstand for a bowl, poisons confidence, and stabs characters without fear of detection.

The following is a very good joke upon *Matrimonial Advertising.*

"She must be middle eaged and good tempered widow, or maid, and pursest of property, and I wood far reather have a wife that is ever so plane then a fine Lady that thinks herself hansem; the Advertiser is not rich nor young, old or poor and in a very few ears he will have a very good incumb. Can be heily recommended for honesty and sobriecaty, and good tempered, and has no incumbrance, is very actif, but not a traedsman, have been at Butler and Baileff for meney ears, in most respectable families, and shood I not be so luckey as to get me a wife, wood be most willing to tak a sitteyshun once more, wood prefer living in the countery, understands Berrwing framosly, is well adapted for a inn or public hous. Pleas to derect to W. W. 236 Berwick streete, Oxforde rode; or aney Lady may call and have a hunterview widdow that keeps the hous, and wher or wen we can meat each other. All letters must be pade, no office keper to applygh, My fameley ar verey well off and verey welthey, far above the middeling order."

PATS OF BUTTER ALIVE.—In the cool of the afternoon we strolled out for an hour in the grain fields, and shot several brace of quails, which, at this season of the year, are like little flying pats of butter! I have heard it averred that these delicate *bonnes-bouches* are sometimes so fat in the grain-season, that when they are shot, they burst from their own weight, as they fall on the parched ground.—*Mundy's Pen and Pencil Sketches in India.*

A celebrated oculist, after performing the operation of couching an old woman, inquired if she could read a book of a certain sized print, to which she replied in the negative; another coat of film was to be displaced; when, just as the operator was about to resume, she cried with admirable naivete, 'Mayhap it be sir, 'cause I never larnt, I be no scholard.'

The Warsaw Gazette states that a shepherd, named Demetrius Grabousky, died recently at Potorski, on the frontiers of Lithuania, at the age of 169 years.

BRITISH FREEDOM.—In England, children are independent at eight, and hanged at twelve.—*Tour of a German Prince.*

PET SHEEP.—Sheep in Jadoo, are regarded with as much partiality, and treated much as ladies lap-dogs are in England. Great care is taken to keep them clean and in good condition: they are washed every morning in soap and water, and so greatly attached to their masters or mistresses, that they are constantly at their heels from town to town, and in all their peregrinations.—*Leaders.*

"A LOVER'S INGENIOUS EXCUSE FOR NEGLECT.—I found your letter at home, with all sorts of affectionate reproaches for my neglect of our own interests for indifferent things. Even were this sometimes the case, you must not think that my heart is the less filled with you. The rose, too, sometimes yields a stronger, sometimes a weaker perfume; nay, sometimes there is not a flower on the bush: in their season they bud and blossom again; but the nature of the plant is always the same.

When, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon that an innocent and helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough in any thicket through which it has strayed to make a fire to offer it up with.—*Woman's Love.*

Physicians rarely take medicine, nor lawyers go to law—two hints not unworthy of attention.

EITHER WAY.—"Will you have me?" said a young man to a modest girl. "No, John," said she, "but you may have me if you will."

PRESENT OF GILT GAME.—Sir James Campbell, when detained as a prisoner in France during the imperial sway, was favored with the privilege of shooting over Fouche's estate, within twenty miles of Paris. Sir James, at the end of the season, at a loss how to express his gratitude, selected one of the birds he had killed, and had its feet gilt and burnished. This he sent as a present to the Duchess of Otranto. Sir James says, this was truly a French mode of expressing himself.

A SETTLER.—A quarrel took place the other day on Bristol quay, between two emigrants, one of them gave his opponent a tremendous body blow, saying "There, you emigrant take that a—"

LICENTIOUSNESS OF THE BAR.—In court, Dunning was too often in the habit of displaying that sort of overbearing and arrogant manner into which successful counsel are too apt to be betrayed, a fault that once subjected him to a pruning rebuke from the witty Solicitor-General, Lee, best known among his professional brethren by the familiar appellation of Jack Lee. Dunning was relating to him how he had just completed the purchase of some capital manors in his native county. "Aye, in Devonshire," said Lee, "but what a pity it is you have no good manners in Westminster-hall." The following may serve for a sample of the consequence he brought on by an unsuccessful attempt at brow-beating a witness:—It was in a crim. con. case, where he was retained for the defendant. To prove the fact of adultery, the lady's maid had been called, and had deposed to the having seen the defendant in bed with her mistress. When it came to Dunning's turn to begin the cross-examination, he desired the witness in a stern tone, to take off her bonnet, that he might have a full view of her face, and convince himself by her looks whether she spoke the truth. The girl happened to be an Abigail of that description which Moliere has so well portrayed in the persons of his Lisettes and Toinettes, so it may be imagined, she was not easily to be abashed; and having a pretty face to show, she felt not the least objection that the bench, bar, attorneys, jurors, and by-standers should command a full view of it. When the bonnet was removed, Dunning began and endeavored to shake her testimony as to the identity of her mistress's bed-fellow. "Was she sure it was not her master she had not seen in that conjugal capacity?" "Perfectly sure." "What! did she pretend to say she could be certain, when the head only appeared above the bed-clothes, and that enveloped in a night cap." "Quite certain." "You have often found occasion then, to see your master in his night-cap?" continued the questioner. "Yes, very frequently." "Now, young woman, I ask you, upon your oath, does not your master occasionally go to bed with you?" "Oh!" answered Toinette, nothing daunted, "the trial does not come on to-day, Mr. Slabberchops." A loud shout of laughter all around achieved the discomfiture of Dunning, who had nothing for it but to adjust his bands, change the position of his wig, and look very foolish. Lord Mansfield leant back on the bench in an uncontrollable burst of mirth, and he had not more than half recovered the judicial gravity of tone, when he asked whether Mr. Dunning chose to put any more questions. A short negative was the answer.

CRIM. CON. EXTRAORDINARY.—Mr. and Mrs. Noman, a couple of respectable appearance, were charged by Mary, the wife of Robert Brown, the former with an attempt at violation, and the latter with an aggravated assault. Mrs. Brown, a well-dressed, pretty young woman, stated that she lived in the same house with the defendants. Mr. Noman had for some time annoyed her with unlawful solicitations, and on Thursday came into her room, and was proceeding to effect his purpose in spite of her resistance, when suddenly his wife entered, and flew at her with the greatest fury, striking her in the face with such force as to blacken both her eyes. She had not cried out when Mr. Noman was taking liberties, because she was ashamed to be found in such a situation, the world is so censorious. [a laugh]

Mrs. Noman now gave her version of the story. Mrs. Brown was a most seducing woman, and was constantly inveigling other women's husbands to her bed-room. On returning home, after a short absence, on Thursday, she missed her husband, and suspecting where he was, she ran up stairs to Mrs. Brown's room, and suddenly entering, found her rising from her bed in a manner that confirmed all her suspicions. She demanded her husband. Mrs. Brown denied that he was there, and invited her to search: she did search, and found him doubled up in a corner cupboard. [Great laughter.] She lugged him down stairs, and then returned and punished Mrs. Brown as she deserved to be punished. [Laughter.] Her husband had confessed his fault, and she forgave him—all flesh was frail, and she had her own feelings. [Roars of laughter.]

Mrs. Brown hung down her head, and did not attempt to gainsay Mrs. Noman's statement.—The magistrate dismissed both her charges; and as she left the office, she was followed by some of the auditors, who greeted her with a chorus of hisses. *Cork Pap.*

YANKEE TITLES OF HONOR.—A judge will frequently travel from town to town unattended, in his gig, or on horseback with his saddle-bags before him, or in the stage coach, and dine at the village table d'hote with shop keepers, pseudo majors, and advertising attorneys. Human nature will out. In the absence of other titles, it is the pleasure of the Americans that they should be dignified by the rank of General, Colonel, or Aide-de-camp: but more especially I found by that of Major. An English gentleman assured me that, being on board a steamer on the Ohio river, he was first introduced by a friend as plain Mr. than as Captain; soon after he was addressed as Major, and before the end of the day he was formally introduced as a General. The Captain of a steam boat, who was presiding at the dinner-table, happened to ask rather loudly, "General, a little fish?" and was immediately answered in the affirmative by twenty-five out of the thirty gentlemen present.—*Vigne's Six Months in America.*

CARNIVOROUS TOM-TITS.—Some years ago a man by the name of Tom Otter murdered his sweetheart, at a place called Drinsey Nook, in Lincolnshire. The assassin suffered the extreme penalty of the law, and was gibbeted near the place where he committed the fatal deed. It appears, that whilst the carnivorous tomtit was feeding on the flesh of the malefactor, he had an eye to a comfortable habitation in the vicinity of so much good cheer; and as there was no hole in the gibbet-post to suit his purpose, he actually took possession of the dead man's mouth, and he and his mate brought forth a brood of young cannibals; and more than that, they built there the next year, and were equally successful.—*London Mag.*

SPORTING VARIETIES;

From Foreign Publications received at this Office

A YOUNG WOLF HUNTER.—A son of Benjamin Fowle, Esq. of Caledonia, fifteen years old, has performed an exploit worthier of a better cause. For some time previously, the farmers of Caledonia and neighborhood, complained loudly of the ravages committed in their sheep-folds by some voracious animal that infested the vicinity and supposed to be a wolf. A large number of sportsmen having rallied, went in quest of the lawless depredator. After an unsuccessful chase of several days, the wolf cunningly eluding their pursuit, and, in the mean time, extending his mischief, they started a strong party on the morning of the 7th of April, with a view of acting more systematically. Mounted on horseback, young Fowle had distanced his companions nearly a mile, when he discovered the wolf making his way ahead, over a piece of rising ground, with his utmost speed. Applying his whip to his horse, he soon overtook and passed him, as he was about entering an impassable swamp.

Having diverted the wolf from his course, and being without fire-arms, young Fowle tried to run his horse on him, in order to disable and impede him until he could be despatched. But the horse, of less courage than the rider, shrinked from the contest of so ferocious an enemy—the boy dismounted, took off a rope halter, thrust it into his bosom, and followed on foot. Again overtaking the blown wolf, who was plenteously gorged with the flesh of the animals he had devoured, and nearly exhausted, he seized him by the tail with both hands, and with his feet well braced, held him fast.

He continued thus, for some minutes, waiting for his companions, when the wolf having recovered in some measure from his excessive fatigue, turned round to attack him; the boy, with great intrepidity, now seized his antagonist by the nape of the neck with his right hand, having still hold of his tail with the left, and a struggle took place between them, the one whirling round the other for four or five minutes, till the boy fell uppermost. The wolf being nearly covered in the deep snow, the boy bore down upon his neck with his right foot, to prevent his biting, and succeeded in tying one of his hind legs with the halter to a small tree. He then jumped out of his reach. Breaking off a large sapling, which was the best weapon he could procure, he beat him on the head till the blood gushed from his nostrils.

The wolf, after several unavailing attempts to extricate himself, was maddened to desperation, exhibiting so frightful an appearance as for a moment to damp the courage of the boy, and make him shudder at the idea of the danger he had encountered. The boy continued to watch him for nearly half an hour, in the mean time halloing for the rest of his company. At length, grown impatient, and thinking that perhaps they had missed his track, he remounted his horse and rode after them. When he returned with the company, the wolf had gnawed off the rope and made his escape; but every appearance confirmed the story of the boy. Several of the party, however, thought it incredible, and were not satisfied until next day when the wolf was shot, and lo! a piece of the identical rope halter was found upon him, wound round his leg, and fastened in a knot. The wolf measured three feet in height, and six in length from the nose to the end of the tail.

YORKSHIRE ANGLING

It happened once, that a young Yorkshire clown,
But newly come up to far-famed London town,
Was gaping round at many a wondrous sight,
Grinning at all he saw with vast delight,

Attended by his terrier Tyke,
Who was as sharp as sharp may be,
And thus the master and the dog, d'ye see,
Were very much alike.

After wandering far and wide,
And seeing all the streets and squares,
And Temple bar and Pidcock's bears,
The Mansion-house, the Regent's Park,
And all in which your Cockneys place their pride;
After being quizzed by many a city spark,
For cont of country cut and red lauf'd pate,
He came at last to noisy Billingsgate.

He saw the busy scene with mute surprise,
Opening his ears and eyes,
At the loud clamor and the monstrous fish,
Hereafter doomed to grace full many a dish.

Close by him was a turbot on a stall,
Which, with stretch'd mouth, as if to gasp for breath,
Seemed in the agonies of death:
Said Andrew, "Pray, what name d'ye that fish call?"
"A TURBOT, 'tis (said the sarcastic elf)
A FLAT, you see; so something like yourself."
"D'ye think, (asked Andrew) that he'll bite?"
"You see," said Fishy with a roguish grin,
"His mouth is open; put your finger in,
And then you'll know."—"Why no, (replied the wight,)
I should'nt like to try; but here's my tyke
Shall put his tail there, if you like."
"Agreed," rejoined the man and laughed delight.

Within the turbot's teeth was placed the tail;
And got BIT too, with all his might.
The dog no sooner felt the bite
Than off he ran, the fish still holding tight;
And though OLD LUNG began to sweat and rail,
After a number of escapes and dodgings,
Tyke safely got to Master Andrew's lodgings;
Who, when the fishman in a passion at him flew,
Rejoined, "Why measter! I unnum tricks on we wont do,
I'se come from York to queer such PLATS as you,
And Tyke, my dog, d'ye see, is Yorkshire too."
Then laughing at the man, he went away,
And had the fish for dinner that same day.

NEW BOOTS.—An Irish gentleman having a pair of new boots sent home to him, proceeded to try them on; but after a great deal of labor, and pulling and straining, till from the blisters on his hands, he could no longer continue the violent exertion, he desisted, declaring, that he perceived very clearly, he should never get these boots on, till he had worn them a day or two.

TROUT FISHING.—The very excellent fish of the Exe are about to be secured to the fair angler, by means of an association of the land-owners on nearly three miles of the river above Culm-foot, coming to an understanding with the lovers of this particular sport, that they may be indemnified for their grass, &c. and be freed from poaching by an association of sporting characters on the other hand. Mr. Woolmer, the editor of an Exeter paper, has given publicity to this eligible plan.

ANGLING.—As Mr. Flint was trolling with a minnow, in the river Hull, early in June, near Frodingham, he hooked a pike, which, after two hours struggling with his slight tackle, he succeeded in landing. It weighed nearly 17 lbs.

FISHING, BY A NEW MODE. As three boys were fishing in a boat, at the Narrows, off Shields harbor, a salmon leaped from the sea into the boat with such violence that it knocked down one of the youths who happened to be standing on a seat. The fortunate fishers sold their prize, weighing 11 1-2 lbs. at Howdon, the place of their residence, for a shilling a pound.

ASIATIC SPORTING.—A letter in the last Asiatic Journal, dated Meerut, June 29, gives an account of the author's shooting operations for the three preceding months, and certainly he had not been idle. The following is the conclusion of the letter:—"I have now done with shooting. I can boast of what, I believe, few others can, having shot an elephant dead with one ball, twice killed tigers, right and left, and once lions, right and left. On looking over my game book, I find that I have since the regiment has been at this station, killed two elephants, two lions, four lionesses, seventy two tigers and tigresses, and caught a young elephant, a young lion and lioness, and a young tiger."

FISHING ON DRY LAND.

Old Christopher North, in a series of rambling observations on things in general, interspersed with occasional tough stories by way of variety, gives the following relation of an adventure which befel him while on a sporting excursion among the hills of Scotland:

I had fished up the water and down the water, with but indifferent success, till, coming in contact with a sign-board, I thought I could not do better than lay in a cargo of provisions to last till dinner time; so I ordered breakfast, and put my fishing-rod, to save the trouble of unscrewing, against the little window of the apartment where breakfast was set, that I might see it in case of accident. I had demolished at least one roll, eat two caller eggs of the honest gentlewoman's own laying, according to her phraseology, and was in the act of breaking up a third, when the shaking of my rod outside the window attracted my attention. After a tremulous motion, I thought I heard the *pirn* unrolling, and the next moment the rod fell and disappeared. Unwilling to part so easily with an old companion, which would moreover have spoiled my sport for the remainder of the day, I ran to the door to ascertain if the trout had really left the water, and followed me to eat their breakfast on dry land. My rod lay on the ground, with the line extended, and pulled by something round the corner of the house. Taking it up, and beginning to wind up the line, I soon found an obstruction to my progress, which, even in these wonderful times, I should not have contemplated. I had not rolled up above two or three yards when a respectable matron of a hen, surrounded by eight or ten chickens, made her appearance, shaking her head, unwilling to come forward and unable to retreat.

The good woman of the house followed me to the door, suspecting perhaps that I had forgot to pay my reckoning; but, upon seeing what had happened, she exclaimed, "Preserve us a'! is that my brood hen ye hae catched wi' your fishing wand? if it be, gentle or simple, ye had better been fishing something else, I'll assure ye." She then ran to the animal, which by this time was turning up its eyes, and making very extraordinary faces for a hen, and seizing it up, roared out, "As sure as I'm on this spot, the puir beast has eaten the fleein hook, and she's gollorin up blude. What gart ye come to my house, wi' your what-ye-ca'-them-s? I had rather ye never dittied my door, than been the death o' poor Tappie." She was now joined in her lamentation by two girls, who expatiated upon the cruelty of the monster that was the death "o' gr innie's hen," who could make eight or ten orphans so unadvisedly, and who "had the heart to torture puir dumb animals in this way?"

Though I could scarcely refrain from laughing at the strange attachment to my line, I put on a grave face, and said a few words becoming the melancholy occasion:

"My good woman, I am sorry, very sorry indeed, for your hen; but you should consider that if she had not attempted to steal my fly, nothing would have happened."

"Steal! my hen steal! she's as honest a hen as you, and that I'll let you ken, sir.—What signifies a bawbee's worth o' hooks, and a wee pickle horse-hair? I wadna hae ta'en five shillings for my poor creature."

"Come, come, there is no use in making words about the matter; There's half a crown," said I, cutting off the line at the hen's mouth, "and no more about it."—"Half a crown!" exclaimed Lucky Thomson, "I wonder how you can offer half a crown for a hen worth double the siller. I wad cast the money in your face, rather than sell my poor beast's life for half a crown."

I had heard or read somewhere that the loudest speaker in a vulgar quarrel always comes off victorious; and, finding that I could not bring my landlady to reason in any other way, I raised my voice to its utmost pitch, and said in my most determined manner that if she did not choose to take what I offered, I would give nothing at all, and besides prosecute her for damage done to my rod and line, and the loss of my fly. The woman's choler fell as mine seemed to rise; she remarked, in a subdued tone, "that her husband ave said she was owre hasty in her temper; that she saw I was a gentleman, and wadna wrang a poor body; and that she wad just tak what I liked to gie, though it would be lang indeed before the bairns got a hen like poor Tappie."

With little more ado I finished my breakfast. My hostess had her hen killed for nothing, and the price of it to the bargain, and two trouts to the little girls put an end to the mourning for the unfortunate hen and her helpless babies.

I shall make the above into a very capital law-case for the decision of the public—for the lawyers of my acquaintance have not yet made up their minds whether the woman was entitled to damages for the death of her furtive hen, or me for injury done to my line, and the loss of an innocent fly.

FELINE SPORTSMAN.—A correspondent of Loudon's Magazine saw a cat at Dorking last summer, which pursued mice with true sportsmanlike feeling. He never ate his game, but uniformly laid it at the feet of the first person he found of the family; and having drawn attention to his trophy, walked away, with an air of proud satisfaction, to the performance of fresh exploits.

A singular circumstance happened lately during a hunt in Wales. The hounds having found a fox upon the Great Skirrid, pressed on him closely, when Reynard skirted a ledge of rocks, nearly on the top of the precipice on the side of that mountain; and on being perceived by three staunch old hounds, they made a dart at him, and, overbalancing themselves, fell headlong upon a ridge about mid-way, and bounding off again, fell with great force to the bottom, a distance of 70 feet. A gentleman who was near the foot immediately rode up, expecting to find the three dogs killed; but to his great surprise he saw them all join the rest of the pack in pursuit of the fox, without appearing to feel any ill effects from their fall.—*Carmathen Journal.*

NAVAL EXPLOIT.

Capt. Harraden left the States' service before the close of the Revolution, to take command of the brig General Pickering, which was built for him by a number of gentlemen of Salem, Mass. She mounted 16 six-pounders, and her crew was commonly from 100 to 110, officers and seamen all told. In this vessel he took a large number of prizes, principally armed ships of far superior force.—On one voyage, bound to Bilboa as a letter of marque, loaded with sugar and tobacco, with a crew of only thirty-nine men and boys, just at the entrance of the Bay of Biscay, he fell in, in the night, with a British ship of twenty guns and a hundred men, (at least double his force,) who hailed him.—Captain Harraden answered, "The American frigate Reliance," and ordered the British ship to heave to immediately and submit, which she did without firing a gun!

Capt. Harraden had the prisoners stowed away as he could—in the quaintlains of sugar and tobacco, and in the forepeak, &c. Capt. Jonathan Carnes, late of Salem, was placed on board the British ship as prize-master, with directions to sail in company. So few men had Capt. H. that he was obliged to keep all hands up in the day-time, with the view of deceiving the English officers as to his true condition. As the two vessels made land about Bilboa, a sail was descried standing off shore. Capt. Harraden, followed by the English Captain, went aloft with his glass. The sail in sight proved to be a large Guernsey lugger. The English Captain, having watched her attentively for some minutes, laid aside the glass and remarked,—"You have conducted towards me in so gentlemanly a manner that I will give you important information. The lugger in sight I know well, having been in her company for several weeks. Suffice it to say that she is from Guernsey, carries 18 forty-two pound brass carronades, and has her full complement of two hundred men! It is not a week since we parted. Unless you alter your course, so as to get clear in the night, she will surely capture you."

Capt. Harraden expressed himself grateful for the information, but he was determined not to alter his course. With his characteristic intrepidity he prepared in the best possible manner for action, in case matters came to the worst. About midnight Carnes hailed the Pickering, saying that the lugger was close on board of him. Capt. H. run along side the prize-ship, and placed on board a lieutenant and eighteen men just as the lugger's boat crew had left her, after ascertaining what the Pickering was. The lugger ordered the prize-ship to haul her wind and get out of the way while she took possession of the sugar and tobacco. As she came along side the Pickering, Capt. Harraden hailed. She gave a French name, and said she was from Bourdeaux. Capt. H. replied that if she was from France they were friends, and ordered her to haul off or he would fire into her. The Guernsey captain, changing his tone, declared he would soon teach him the folly of taking privateers with a ship loaded with sugar. Capt. H. then took the trumpet and hailed in English.—"From Whitehall," was the reply, "and that you shall soon know." It will be remembered that Capt. Harraden had but thirty-nine men before manning his prize, yet his was not the heart to flinch. With scarcely any men to man the guns, he ordered the hatches to be opened, and his prisoners to be told that if ten would come up and take part in the action, they should, in case of success, have a share in the prize, and should be entered on the roll of his ship. Ten came forward, who fought, as he often afterwards declared, more like blood-hounds than men. After fighting some time, the lugger made an attempt to board, but unsuccessfully. She then came along to leeward and fired a broadside, which was returned with great effect. The Pickering hove back and wore across the lugger's stern, and with the other broadside raked her fore and aft. One of the lugger's 42 pounders bursting, the breech was driven through the deck, which created great confusion from fear that she would take fire and blow up.—The Pickering, with her lofty and light sails, was enabled to work round as she pleased, and give more than three broadsides for one. The action lasted from 2 A. M. until after sunrise, perhaps 5 o'clock, when they discovered themselves near a ledge on the coast of Spain. The lugger now got out sweeps, and endeavored to escape, but the Pickering made sail, took possession, and carried her safe into port. It was judged that there was a hundred thousand people on the hills about Bilboa, viewing the action. Capt. H. was wont to state that before the ships had been at anchor half an hour one could walk a mile from her by stepping from one boat to another.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MORNING, AUG. 11, 1832

NEW-YORKERS IN THE COUNTRY.

Driven from the city by that dread of Cholera, which had hung like a hag on our spirits—till leanness had succeeded to good plight, and the pallid hue of disease to the olive hue of health, we jumped on board a North River boat,—glided into the country, and comfortably ensconced ourselves about sixty miles from the raging pestilence, amid the hills of Dutchess County.

Falling in with numerous parties of fugitives, and in the neighborhood of hundreds of others—the wits of all were put in requisition to give an air of gaiety and happiness to the scene of exile. One day we fished—another we hunted—another clambered the mountain tops.—In the morning we wrote letters—threaded romantic paths in the afternoon, and in the evening attended tea-fights. At one of these gibble-gabble parties at the hospitable abode of an ancient Dutch family, the ever prolific brain of the gay hoydens of the party devised as a means of fun and riot, the plan of assuming the old rich brocade dresses of the great-grandfathers and grandmothers of the family, and giving a fancy entertainment, "a-la-mod-e a hundred years since."

The family wardrobe was searched forthwith, and all the ancient trumpery which had been closeted for generations was put in requisition. In a short time the maskers assumed their fantastic garbs—the parlor doors slid apace, and in they all whisked.

A lean, lank, old bachelor led the van, supporting with ostentatious dignity the sweeping figure of his maiden aunt, with hoops and sack in full sail,—while close at her heels followed a little gent, in salmon-colored small clothes and full-bottomed wig, with whiskers so luxuriant and mustachios so curling, his round, jamb'd up face looked like puss peering through a muff. He assumed the most languishing attitude, as a fawn-like creature in blue brocade and fly cap swept past him, throwing her laughing eyes in every direction to catch the look of admiration she well knew would light on her jimpey waist, as she tossed her naked ivory arms above her head and warbled capriciously "I'd be a butterfly."—Her mother, in full display of top knot and farthingale, kept close in her wake, every now and then checking the wood notes of her mad-cap child by a cautionary hint "not to be too antick."

A young widow in weeds next appeared—her exquisite features and fragile form half hid beneath a veil that swept the floor. She leaned upon the arm of a gay patron with powdered ringlets and glistening knee buckles. The look of tenderness and pride that fell upon his beautiful burthen as he ushered her in, and the bewildering smile that broke from her lips in return, were sufficiently natural to give a quicker movement to our blood (bachelors as we are;) and we were just about heaving a prodigious sigh when our ears were half blown off by the wild shrieks of the remainder of the party, who at that moment like so many sea-gulls rushed in, dressed in the most fantastic order, to the entire confusion of the sexes. —Dancing girls, in full pigtailed wigs—cocked hats—courtesying *en pirouette* in yellow top'd boots—"male papillons" in clog wimples, starched ruffs, streaming sacks and round aprons,—all singing at the top notch of their throats "Hurra for the bonnets o' blue."

The dread of the Cholera has played the deuce with our nerves, this was too much for them—we plunged our thumbs in our ears and rushed for the door.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The universal reading community will learn with emotions of melancholy and deep feeling, that this distinguished individual is languishing in the last stages of a mortal disease. Sir Walter reached London by most rapid journeying, to which is attributed his extreme prostration at his arrival.

He is no longer able to recognise his friends; not even his favorite daughter Mrs. Lockhart is known to him. The anticipated result of Sir Walter's disease, will sink into the hearts of mankind as an event closely akin to the loss of an affectionate and indulgent parent.

SYMPTOMS OF A CASE.

We were called on late in the afternoon of Saturday last, by a young man formerly in our office, who appeared so 'well-to-do-in-the-world,' that we half forgot our own trepidation respecting the fatal epidemic. On Monday morning to our infinite astonishment and horror, we learned from the Courier, that the subject of this article *died of the Cholera on* Saturday evening, which must have taken place within a few hours after leaving us in perfect health and in great spirits.—We dropped the paper—felt two or three horrible cramps—exhibited not a few spasms—went home—and while the water was being heated, preparatory for a sweat, we related to a 'dear good lady' of our acquaintance, this most dreadful *case*. She held in her hand the Evening Post, and willing to contribute her mite of *the horribles*, to the general fund then on hand, began reading the daily corrections of the Board of Health. She commenced with an article stating that Mr. O. G. W. whose death was published in the morning paper as another case of the Cholera, was, to all intents and purposes, 'alive and kicking,' without the fear of steam-doctors and cathartics before his eyes.

Words are inadequate to express the effect of these few lines on our *symptoms*, and the rapidity of our approach to a state of convalescence. Suffice it to say, that we have since seen Mr. W. with our own eyes, who assures us and 'all inquiring friends' that *he* yet hopes to see our city clear of the pestilence, and to ascertain the friend who wrote for him so handsome an 'obituary.'

It may not be deemed amiss to state that *the writer*, like the writer *le roof*, has since cooled off, and that both remain to this present time of writing in a 'most perfect state of *swadgacity*.'

☞ Several Correspondents must excuse our seeming negligence in to-day's paper. They shall be attended to soon.

THE NOTORIOUS STEVENS.

Among the prisoners who have been carried off by the Cholera in our State Prison at Sing-Sing, is the notorious John Stevens, who with his associates a few years ago, committed some of the most extensive and daring forgeries that were ever heard of in this country. Stevens was an Englishman by birth, well educated, and believed to be an irregular descendant from one of the noble families of the kingdom. His career of crime had been in successful operation for many years in London, the West-Indies, and elsewhere, before the hand of justice arrested him. He resided in Boston a few months, previous to his apprehension in this city, and was concerned with Reed in despoiling Mr. F. W. Dana of about ten thousand dollars, by passing a forged post-note to him for that amount on one of our city banks. His depredations upon our merchants and the Banks excited a most unprecedented alarm, and it was many weeks before the eagle eye and vigilance of that renowned villain catcher, Jacob Hayes, could put a period to his progress. After his arrest, he was induced to make a full and frank disclosure of the means used by him to carry his plans into successful execution, in order to quiet the public mind, and satisfy the Banks that many of the checks passed to them were actually forgeries. In one or two instances, the signatures of mercantile houses were so closely imitated that the Banks denied them to be forgeries, and were unwilling to submit to the loss until the question was settled beyond a doubt by the information given by Stevens. In one instance when the gang had drawn about nine thousand dollars from the Union Bank by a forged check, the forgery being discovered in about an hour afterwards, one of the tellers repaired hastily to the other banks to ascertain if any large notes of that Bank had been changed by any of them in the course of the day, the money drawn being in notes of that description. When the teller entered the Franklin Bank, one of the clerks was then counting out to Stevens the change for a note of the Union Bank, of one thousand dollars, but his appearance, his self-possession, and the calm inquiries made by him about the circumstance, completely protected him from their suspicion. He was sentenced to be imprisoned in the State Prison for a period of fourteen years for his crimes, and two of his accomplices, Holdgate and Sutton, for the term of their natural lives.

Reed was apprehended in this city for the forgery committed upon Mr. Dana, and being demanded by the Executive of Massachusetts from this state for punishment, was transported thither, tried, convicted and sentenced to the State Prison at Charlestown.

The personal appearance, manners, and education of Stevens, gave him currency and consideration in almost every circle where he was able to gain admission. In the interior of Pennsylvania, he represented himself to be an English nobleman of fortune, travelling in this country for his own pleasure and gratification, and so well did he sustain his assumed character that in many places his society was eagerly courted by the most distinguished of the inhabitants. He succeeded in winning the affections of a young lady of respectability, in that state, whom he married, without a suspicion on her part that he was acting perfidiously, and that she was ultimately to become the wife of a tenant of the State Prison. Her fidelity and attachment to him were not to be shaken, however, though she found herself in that painful situation, abandoned by her friends, an outcast almost from society, and the pale victim of despair. She immediately opened a small millinary establishment in this city, and maintained herself respectably and comfortably by her own industry.

When Justice Valentine, one of our Police Magistrates, was impeached for misconduct in the discharge of his official duties, one of the charges preferred against him was, that he had borrowed five hundred dollars from her husband while in Bridewell. Upon his trial before the Court of Common Pleas, Mrs. Stevens being subpœnaed as a witness, underwent a long and severe cross-examination from his counsel, with a view to overthrow the evidence she had given in regard to the charge against the magistrate. The object of the counsel was to discredit her testimony, by endeavoring to show that she must necessarily be a woman of loose character, in consequence of her being the wife of a felon. Her firmness and demeanor on the occasion were very remarkable; and the sensibility she evinced when appealing to the Court for protection against improper interrogatories from the Counsel, produced a decided impression among both the Court and assembly that however wretched her condition was, and however perfidiously her husband had acted towards her, yet that she had ever adhered to him through evil report and good report with an unsullied fidelity.

☞ *To him who will understand it.* We have taken the liberty of altering to suit the meridian of New-York, the above account of Stevens, and should give credit for the same, had that courtesy been extended to us. "Do unto others," &c.

Dr. Ward's Hair Oil.—For the benefit of whom it may concern, we give, from the Lowell Mercury, the following receipt, &c. for the manufacture of this article, at once so essential to ambitious young gentlemen, desirous of growing whiskers against the fall and winter campaigns.

Receipt, &c. Take one barrel of good winter-strained lamp oil—to which add as much Rad Anchusa as will give it a bright and fascinating color.

N. B. That which is to be used to render sand-banks and barren wastes productive, need not be scented. But if it be intended for the hair, a few grains of some agreeable musk can be added.

The whole expense per bottle will not, probably, exceed 4 or 5 cents.

[The Dr. they continue to assert, if he will, None genuine unless *signed by the sole proprietor*, E. A. Ward, Lowell, Mass.' We assure the public that it is all genuine, that is made of pure linseed, and colored with Rad Anchusa.]

Ed. Mer.

We have not room this week to give the many certificates in its favor we find weekly in the Mercury as they come to hand, but confine ourselves to the annexed. "It is said that a pedlar lately accidentally broke a bottle of this oil, when its contents spread over an old sheep-skin, the wool of which was too short to be good for any thing, and in the course of a week to the great surprise of the dealer in almost every article that is bought and sold, the wool on the old felt had actually grown two full inches." None, we think, can after this doubt the effects of this inestimable oil, on a sheep's head to which class of the *biped genus* in our city, we most cheerfully commend it.

CHOLERA.

With feelings of gratitude, we acknowledge that our anticipations expressed last week of the Cholera's having reached its maximum, are thus far fulfilled. The steady decrease gives us every cause to hope that a few days more will terminate the period of our afflictions. God grant we may not be disappointed.

A correspondent, from whom we shall be happy to hear more frequently, has so well spoken our feelings on this subject, that we give him the preference and insert his communication entire.

With what an audacious spirit did this pest enter among the domestic circles of our city—the *boudoir* of the dashing belle—the quiet toilet of a boarding-school miss, she in the chrysalis' state of a glittering *papilion*, and the *sanctum sanctorum* of the calculating merchant!

With what an evident air of disaffection did it derange the fruits of happiness, the pleasure and the comforts of social, wedded life! What an immense amount of disease and death did it carry in its train! Who can tell its ultimate result!—Who will be its next victim? Mayhap I, Mr. Editor, now enjoying the blessings of health and wielding for the edification of your readers the 'gray goose quill,' may ere the lapse of a few hours, repose in the dark and murky confines of the charnel-house, there to lay amid the riot of pampered worms.—God grant it be otherwise.

Where are the dashing belles—the fair haired beauties that so gallantly tripped the *pave* of the diversified Broadway? All gone—all fled—the scourge has driven them far from the scenes of their last *soirees*. But we ardently hope that pleasure which was whilom wont to stay with us will soon return and rule despot for a season, that dire and gloomy forebodings may be scouted from our diseased imaginations.

En passant—Mr. Editor, are you a nervous individual? What misery does this affection, inherited from our snuff-taking grandmothers (rest their souls) inflict upon us. I am one of the sort, and every twinge of a muscle—every pain that shoots from my corns—every trifling headache or slight nausea of stomach is—is—what? why Cholera of course! The doctor must be sent for, as neglect they tell us is certain death, and doses of barbarous 'Calomel' or 'Rhei and Soda' must then be inhaled, to disturb the quiet operations of our bowels. But 'physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.'

I know a worthy man whose morbed, fancy makes him suppose himself a *case* almost hourly. Nothing but the most incontinent cachinnation on the part of his friends will dispossess him of it, and then he unites in free play of his risible faculties, but anon—it comes again, and thus he is afflicted with the idea that he is beset, with torments seven times seven.

How many anticipated visits to various parts of the country have been intruded upon! How many day dreams conjured by the warm fancy have been broken! How have the bright visions of the past and the gloomy prospects of the future been marred! Projected tours to the springs—to this mountain and that, have all been precluded and we foresee the coming winter will be a gloomy one in desponding over the ruination of innumerable flirtations and pleasant assemblages.

Seriously however, the Cholera is decidedly abating, and could we be blessed with a continuation, for a few days of cool and pleasant weather we think it would disappear entirely. We sincerely hope so, and under the guidance of an all wise and merciful Providence we shall soon be restored to our usual vigor and activity.

Melrose.

BULLETIN OF THE CHOLERA,

CORRECTED FROM THE OFFICIAL REPORT
Of the Special Medical Council.

August.	Dwelling Houses.	Cases at Hospitals.	Bellevue.	Yorkville.	Total of Cases.	Dwelling Houses.	Deaths at Hospitals.	Bellevue.	Yorkville.	Total of Deaths.
4	18	32	1	0	86	17	11	2	0	30
5	52	29	0	0	96	21	8	0	0	29
6	60	38	0	3	101	21	15	0	1	37
7	53	21	0	1	89	23	7	0	0	30
8	50	32	0	0	82	12	9	0	0	21
9	47	26			83	18	10			28
10	60	34	0	3	97	18	7	0	1	26
	379	237	3	7	636	126	73	2	6	304

Total since commencement, Cases 4733, Deaths 1866

Professor Anderson, in his card, promises the public (if the doctors will let him alone at night) to give his pathology of Cholera, and his theory of the effect of that treatment he professes to have derived from the hints and suggestions of Mons. Chabert.—In the same Print we observe a card from "the French gentleman," declaring most positively that his own boisson is the sole depository of the "grand secret," and that those with whom he has associated in practice are still in the dark as to the elements of "the charmed potion."—We imagine *Monsieur* had better fortify his *bosom* and leave the learned Professor to go on his own hook.—*Parleyvooing* with us natives is a dangerous matter to a man big with secret.

"A Little Server than Jas. W. Serv."—The Gazette, of last Monday, has the following rather queer paragraph:—

"It is due to Mr. George N. Miner, machinist, to state that on Saturday he took down, moved, and put up, ready for work, one of the large Napier Presses, belonging to Sidney G. Morse & Co. in *less time than, perhaps, the work was ever before effected.*"

On the above, the notorious wag of the Boston Transcript remarks that "the information is definite and satisfactory. It reminds us of a man who, being asked the qualities of his horse, replied that 'he would trot a leetle faster, *perhaps*, than any horse ever trotted before; but if any body should ask him what he would take for the horse, he'd see him d—d first.'"

LORD BURGHLEY.

The following anecdote is abridged by "The Edinburgh" from a story told by Dr Nares in his great work. It is worthy of preservation, being exceedingly characteristic of the famous Treasurer of "good Queen Bess." "In his youth he was fond of practical jokes. Yet even out of these he contrived to extract pecuniary profit.—When he was studying the Law at Gray's Inn, he lost all his furniture and books to his companion at the gaming table. He accordingly bored a hole in the wall which separated his chamber from that of his associate, and at midnight bellowed through this passage threats of damnation and calls to repentance in the ears of the victorious gambler, who lay sweating with fear all night, and refunded his winnings next day on his knees."

Medicated Oil Silk.—We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. L. Morange and Davis, the manufacturers of this article, which is highly recommended as an excellent "promoter of healthful action on the skin, where flannel proves inconvenient to the wearer, or the warm bath is not easily had recourse to." At the present time it will be found invaluable, and the testimonials in its favor, from many of our most distinguished fellow citizens, place its utility beyond a doubt.

EFFECTS OF THE CHOLERA.

Rumours are daily reaching town from the thousand parties scattered through the country of sundry matches between proud old bachelors, that were held incorrigible by the city circle to which they belonged, and coveys of hoyden damsels now luxuriating in the country, who seem to have cornered these thoughtless scoffers of matrimony in some shady nook and actually wrung from them confessions of love and devotion that give the lie to all their occasional swagger of indifference.—Oh ye matchless fair ones, cruel as ye may be, still we would encourage you in this revengeful career, and beg you will pursue with smiles as irresistible as fate, and with cunning archery that Cupid might envy, to lay prostrate at your feet in humbleness of spirit this "old enemy"—the bachelors; while you wring from their subdued souls a full recantation of their vaunted independence and consign their recreant spirits to the glorious employment of singing your praises—gratifying your wildest wishes, and indulging with the enthusiasm of devotion your most flighty and unreasonable caprices. Give them no quarter—show them no mercy—revenge your sex. Bind their incorrigible necks to your yoke—subdue them—use them up—annihilate them—or like a Roman matron with your foot on their necks exclaim, "Sic semper tyrannis," which being rendered roads, "thus we cooper old bachelors."

The following lines are so apposite to the character of this article, and withal so good an exposition of the grievances to which the tyranny of custom has subjected the fairest part of creation, that we cannot refuse it an insertion.

LAMENT OF THE SINGLE LADIES.

We're ready—we're ready—it really is hard
That from Hymen's sweet bonds ye so long are debarr'd:
The men are so cautious; the hard hearted creatures,
That they care not for all our smiles or fair features.
There's a sprinkling of red coats—we like them the best,
But they're just like the others when put to the test.
They tell us we form the delight of their lives,
Yet they very well manage to live without wives.
Of dinners and balls our papas give them plenty;
Of hints, it is true, our mammas throw out twenty;
They accept all the dinners, they dance at each ball,
They HEAR all the hints, but won't take them at all
They bow when they meet us, and say we look charming:
'The weather is cold'—'tis their hearts that want warming.
They laugh, and they chat, and they pass for our beaux,
Yet, 'tis very provoking'—they never propose.
What is it they want?—oh, sadly we fear
That the charms they require are some hundreds a year.
Our mammas, poor old souls! trot about every day,
Till their legs and our patience are near worn away.
The men might possess some respect for old age,
And by taking the daughters, their troubles assuage;
And put all together, we're a good looking set,
A better assortment the gents will not get.
We very well know all men's tastes don't agree,
But we are complainant no women CAN be;
Oh! if 'twere the fashion for women to ask
(By the by, to some not a difficult task,)
How delightful 'twould be to pick and to chuse;
Of course the men would not attempt to refuse.
But alas, we are doom'd, 'not unsought to be won,'
If it rested with us, 'twould be very soon done.
'Tis a terrible thing that men won't understand,
That we are really the plague and the pest of the land.
Our papas and mammas get cross and look glum
As much as to say, "You've been too long at home."
We're ready—we're ready—will nobody try?
Or in single felicity are we to die?

(Poor Things.)

NEW PAPERS, &c.

Our friend Mr. Gwynn, of the Baltimore Gazette & Daily Advertiser, has forwarded us the two first numbers of the new weekly paper just commenced by him, yclept the Baltimore Weekly Gazette. We take pleasure in commending it to all lovers of light reading for its size and cheapness, and the excellent taste displayed in the "getting up;" indeed, we know of very few papers in the Union that can compare with this mammoth sheet for beauty of typographical arrangement and a judicious selection of matters at once useful and entertaining.

Mr. Bicknell, too, of the city of "brotherly love," has taken us quite by surprise with his enlarged "Reporter," now one of the largest papers in the United States. We were not prepared for a sheet so exceedingly well filled, and withal so elegantly executed as we find his to be;—if you continue so to improve, your brethren of the type generally will be "at fault—can't follow"—we fear. We cannot but add, the expression of our best wishes for its success.

For the information of those who may be unacquainted with the "Reporter," we may be allowed to remark that it contains a complete "counterfeit list, the prices current and review of the markets, bank note list, prices of stocks, &c. foreign and domestic news, literature," &c. and is published at 119 Chestnut-st. Philadelphia, at $3 per annum.

"The Weekly Messenger."—Nothing affords us more pleasure than to have it in our power to bear witness to the enterprise, the usefulness, and the high character of our contemporaries. We acknowledge, with no slight degree of pride and satisfaction, the receipt of the first Nos. of "The Weekly Messenger," published at St Johnsbury, Vt. by Samuel Eaton, Jr.—a young gentlemen of whom, in years long syne, we entertained high hopes, as promising to win by untiring exertion a station of honor and eminence among the patriotic "Green Mountain boys" of good old Vermont. We anticipate for him great success in his new calling, and feel quite elated at seeing *our old situation* so well filled. As we can attest to his tact and success in many a hunting and piscatorial excursion, with ourselves, we cannot but cherish the hope that he will give us, at his leisure, the result of some of his feats with the rodor rifle, to cheer us on our way;—so, with best wishes, *bon jour, Monsieur.*

The "Northern Telegraph," published at Canton, St. Lawrence Co. in this state, by C. C. Bill, is very well got up, and seems to deserve support; its appearance is every way respectable, and it must prove an acquisition to the general medium of intelligence in that section of our state.

"Georgia Gazette."—Several Nos of this protesting sheet have been received, and we give the editor credit for considerable tact and talent in his new vocation. He rather excited our risibles, however, by remarking, in the leading article of his last paper, that he took the "opportunity to express his unfeigned thanks to the many high minded gentlemen of the *corps* editorial."

Stand back, my lord, and let the coffin pass.

The Southern Banner, Athens, Georgia comes to us very much improved since we last saw it, from which we augur favorably of the success of our friend, Alban Chase, Esq. From the known talent of the publisher, and the valuable assistance of Mr. Nisbet, in the editorial department, they can hardly fail of winning golden opinions of the warm-hearted citizens of Georgia, and we cordially pledge them the assurance of our best wishes.

To a certain manufacturer of items at the South.—When he shall again essay to compose an item at the expense of his friends, will he do us the favor, *if obliged to quote from another*, to select a paper at least *apparently* edited by a *gentleman*; and we would respectfully beg leave to recommend him to confine his 'flights of fancy' more especially to the exploits of the renowned 'Jack, the Giant-killer,' or 'Mother Goose's Melodies,' as a sphere more immediately suited to his undoubted talents and acquirements.

A literary concern, styled "The Amaranth, and Ladies' Literary" something, (it has been *stolen* by "some atrocious borrower") we forget what, has made its appearance. If we do not mistake, it is published in East Bridgewater, Mass. and is "just the kick" for any who may want such a thing.

A tremendous Gale.—Joel Gale, now residing in Trenton, New-Jersey, is said to be seven feet three inches high, and to weigh three hundred and fifty pounds.

If Joel is a game 'un, then "farewell to all your *greatness*, Mr. Sam. O'Rourke, though you *are* the "Young Spring wot won the fight," and shut up the good-looking eyes of Mr. Teddy O'Flynn. Joel will "use you up in the shake of a cow's thumb," my fine fellow—so steer clear of the *Jarsies*.

IMPROVED GUN.

An improved fowling piece or gun, has lately been introduced into England, by Mr. Demoyon, on a plan somewhat similar to one we noticed a short time since at the establishment of Mr. Lewis, in Wall-street. It is loaded and primed at one operation, and is cocked by lifting up the breech to introduce the cartridge;—the cartridge is of a peculiar kind, containing within itself a tube filled with detonating powder, which, exploding in the very middle of the cartridge, produces a better discharge. It must, we think, take the place of the fowling pieces now in general use, though as yet we have not heard of a fair trial of its excellence, by any distinguished shots. Thus far, experiments seem only to have been made with regard to its use, in the field and on ship board, for which it seems remarkably well calculated. It requires a third less powder than common cartridges, and the bore of the gun is greater at the breech than at the muzzle, which makes it carry further and more correctly.—The gun is so easily managed, that with a few hours' practice, a soldier will fire ten to nineteen shots a minute; and can load, fire, upright or lying down—marching or standing—one always as well as the other. From not having to use his arm to load, he is less liable to be wounded by the enemy's shot; and for the same reason, the gun is very advantageous on board ship.

We commend the subject to the attention of the proprietors of our Sporting stores, and hope soon to have it in our power to examine and report on its merits from actual experiment.

"Something for the" Baltimore Visiter.—"To those of our readers who wish to subscribe for a weekly paper published in Baltimore, we recommend the "Saturday Morning Visiter" as being the best weekly journal published in that city."—So says the *gentlemanly* editor of one of the best conducted papers in Philadelphia—"Bicknell's Reporter."

Newport Against the World.—We find by the last Spectator, from Newport, N. H. that the citizens of that pleasant and thriving little village, are all agog with the Rhinoceros, Dandy Jack, and an accompaniment of small fry, composing what is very significantly yclept a "Grand American National Menagerie." The leopards, tigers, and long-tailed rats, have excited no small stir among the *pinkeroes* of the "very finest pisantry i' the world," about Newport.

Added to these, we see they have a "new Travelling Museum," which "beats all natur and more too," for only a shilling a sight, "children half-price,"—cheaper than dirt—walk up, gentlemen, and see the lion dance.

And last, not least, by any means, our old friends of the Richmond Hill Theatre, Messrs. Thorne and Mestayer, with their respectable company, are ruralizing there, astonishing the natives and "calling down thunders of applause." Their bills display some taste in the selection of pieces: The Stranger, Family Jars, and The Young Widow, we saw were advertised to be performed on the 7th inst. They have won golden opinions, it is said, since they left our city, which we note with pleasure—success to them, and theirs.

The *Lowell Weekly Compend*, is the title of an excellent little sheet, *down East*, which, after speaking highly of our neighbors of the Traveller, the Constellation, and last, (forgive the egotism,) not least, ourselves, adds the following:—

The Lowell Weekly Compend. A puff for our neighbors, and none for ourselves? The good points of the Compend are *inexpressible*—which being interpreted, is to say, that we cannot consistently with *our* inherent modesty express them.

Allow us, you little "*epitome* of modesty," to assure your friends that the appearance of the Compend on our table is met with much *eclat*, for if not snatched up and stowed away in some pigeon-hole, a long-legged Yankee has you immediately by the skirts, and we never more, clap our eyes on your beautiful countenance—" which, being interpreted, is to say," that we entertain a high opinion of the abilities of the editor thereof, and that his paper will be stolen when for less than the asking some twenty or thirty other New-England sheets lying on our table possess entire liberty to walk off without any one's saying as much as "by your leave sir."

A Lad of Spirit.—The editors of the Courier remark in a late paper, that they were informed by a medical gentleman of a fellow named *Barney Ballagan*, who drank, from Saturday evening last until Sunday noon, four dollars worth of spirits (popularly known as *red eye*) in three cent glasses! He was soon after taken with the Cholera, and died in the course of a few hours. It is said that his friends and relatives expressed much regret that Barney *should have spent so much money in so short a time!*

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

The lovers of theatrical entertainments, who have been so long deprived of their favorite amusements, must have experienced great relief from the appearance of the play bill announcing the benefit of Mr. Woodhull for Monday next.

The sight of the same bill must have made the most indifferent stare *a little*, we think. It is rather unusual for any theatre in this city to receive the assistance of an individual actor from a rival establishment. But in the present case a whole company turns out with their worthy manager at their head. What the cause of this singular eruption may be, we can only conjecture. As to the *effect*, we are not so much in the dark, and we venture to predict for Mr. Woodhull the most *unexpected* benefit that ever yet *benefitted* him.

We saw the bill at so late an hour that we have not time to comment upon the various attractions offered. It suffices that Blanchard is to be there, with his unequalled jokes.

If the present arrangement should continue, the public will insist upon having the 'Comedy of Errors' soon. The man who should see Blanchard, with his "mahogany face," and Barney, with his "large, melancholy eyes," in the two Dromios, and yet go away and be sad and have the Cholera, would almost deserve it. By the way—"speaking of Cholera"—(rare thing, these times) our friends out of the city may see the dawn of health and good humor, of fun and pleasantry, in the re-opening of the theatres. As such we hail the performances of Monday next.

THE ITALIAN TROUPE.

A gentleman from Staten Island tells us he has had the pleasure of seeing the Italian Troupe now patiently rusticating amid the hills of that romantic spot. He described them as an elegant looking company of gentlemen and ladies, all enthusiasm and devoted to that art, in the exhibition of which they anticipate soon to realize the object of their visit to our shores. Operas have become so fashionable in New-York, and five years listening to the scientific performances of various Prima Donnas, has perfected a taste that will require first-rate execution, fully to gratify. From all we can learn, we feel justified in making the assurance to our friends in town and country, that they will find in the anxiously looked-for performances of this entirely foreign company, the complete realization of the wildest fancies ever indulged, of the power, the sweetness, and the effect of Italian Music.

Were it not for the fact, that the ground has been already occupied, we should be disposed to go more into detail, in relation to the interesting subject of this article—one, calculated certainly, to exert no mean influence next winter on a "life in New-York."

We thank Heaven that although situated in the midst of gloom, and surrounded as we are, at all points, by the *raging* pestilence, much yet remains to cling to—to live for. We still occasionally have a ray of hope and happiness shooting athwart our horizon, stimulating the mind to expect better things and happier times. "The city is a desert, but *it* cannot long continue so. When the Cholera leaves us, we shall be gayer and happier than ever—feel like the lark of heaven escaped from a cage—but yet we must be prudent, careful, wise, discreet, temperate, and wear flannel forever and a day."

Showing Fight. Last Friday, a very distinguished member of our light-fingered gentry, bearing the suspicious cognomen of *A dam Everler*, was arrested by John Palmer, a watchman, and Mr. Sparks, one of the Police Officers, charged with robbing Mr. Corrigan of $1500. He was discovered in Cross-street, and when he saw what he called the *ugly mugs*, of Messrs. Sparks and Palmer, he was not long in "making tracks." While giving his pursuers leg-bail, with great effect, he contrived not to lose so favorable an opportunity of displaying his *science*, and so knocked down what few passengers he met with in his course, without respect to sex or condition, resolving apparently to show no *partiality*. After a hot chase, and a perfectly satisfactory exhibition of his speed and bottom, with the assistance of several citizens he was secured, and lodged in the watch-house. He is represented as a large, stout, athletic fellow, and has been acquiring the "art or mystery of stone-hammering," in the State Prison, for the last fifteen or sixteen years. He is a bold and dangerous old villain, with no more conscience than a handsaw, or even the dealers in turnip and red baize *sausages* of Connecticut.

FOREIGN SELECTIONS;

From Papers &c. rec'd by the York, Ajax, and Rhone.

Married.—James Christie, Esq. to Penelope, third daughter of the Rev. Samuel Water:—

When deep in pure Water young Christie first dived,
His transports would give him no quarter;
But when on the surface he wondering strayed,
He found that he'd crystallized Water!

A Bumping Glass.—On one of the counters of Mr. Crockford's bazaar is a colossal glass vase, which is labelled, "The liberal host's last bottle."—The emptying so *vast* a vase as that on the *counter*, would *fell* with *overpowering* effect on the most *powerful* topers; in fact, the host's last bottle is a *host* in itself!

Transportation.—A Morning Paper says, a report prevails that Don Pedro is in want of more transports.—[We are much mistaken if his present expedition has afforded the X-emperor many *transports*, as far as it has yet gone.]

A Heaven on Earth.—The Chester Courant says a notice is exhibited in a shop window near the Cross in this city, of which the following is a copy:—"A genteel house, in *Paradise*, to be let, ready furnished."—Surely so desirable a tenement will not long remain unoccupied.

Thomas Moore is henceforth to be associated with Thomas Campbell, in editing the Metropolitan Magazine—this will give the excellent miscellany an added interest.

Mr. Tom Cooke, the composer, had two sons, one a midshipman, the other a horn-player. The former once taunted the latter with his superiority, as being in his Majesty's service. "Hold your tongue, said Cooke, I've brought you both up to *wind instruments*—he to a horn and you to a ship."

Important Caution.—A man who represents himself to be a foreigner, is going about the town *praising upon easy good-natured fe-males.*

On Tuesday last, about four o'clock in the morning, a very fine heron was shot by James Griffith, gardener, in the pond opposite his house at Flushingstrook. When stuffed it will stand nearly 4 feet in height.

His Majesty gave a grand military dinner last evening at the Palace at St. James's, to the Duke of Wellington, as Colonel, and the other officers of the First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot guards which regiment the king *had* honored in the morning by presenting them with a Royal Standard. A number of officers who served at Waterloo, and other General Officers amounting altogether to 150, were present.

A dramatist recently offered Mrs. Waylett a burletta for her theatre; it contained some rather gross allusions, and she declined it. "Perhaps," said the dramatist, unable to divine the cause of refusal, 'you find the piece a little *too long*.' 'Not so,' said Mrs. Waylett; but I think it a great deal *too broad*."

Rather Impudent.—On Wednesday evening, Mr. Benett, the police magistrate, had his pocket picked in Worship-street.—[The near neighborhood of the bar of the Police Office appears to have been no *bar* to the magistrate's acquaintances "laboring in their vocation," nor the fear of Worship-street any protection for his *Worship*.]

A Stinger.—"I tell you, you are a sneaking poltroon," said P——, who had caught J—— eaves-dropping. "Is this the language you use to a gentleman?" demanded J——, in a rage. "No, sir," was P——'s cool, contemptuous answer.

An original of Antwerp lately gave a dinner to forty lunchbacks. The most protuberant hump was installed king of the feast. After dinner and the "flow of the bowl," the fiddles struck up for the ball, which was kept alive till an early hour in the morning, when the mi-lords and mi-ladies were conveyed home in four-wheeled leathern vehicles.

A Tight 'un.—Captain P. was complaining to Beazley of one of his boots pinching him, as they were made too small. "Pooh!" said Sam, "can't be, Captain: they are large enough for a giant." "A giant!" said the other, surprised. "Yes!" replied Sam: "that left one looks just as if it was made for a 'Titan.'"

City Justice.—Last week at the Mansion House, Mr. Alderman Double Hughes ordered *Spunks*, the pawnbroker, to pay 5*s.* for inexpressible damage done by moths to the seat of a pair of trowsers he had pledged.

The house of James Nowlan, of Killeshorn, was entered by a number of men, who put his wife on her knees, and swore her as to whether her husband had arms. Luckily for him he had legs also, and gave bail to that amount.

Cholera in Paris.—A Frenchman, boasting of the superiority of his country in every respect over the English, said, "We are better as you even for de cholera, which is kill twice as many in half de time in Paris, as you and all your doctors can do in Aingland."

Insurance against Cholera.—At Liege folks are insured comfortable quarters, &c. should they be attacked with cholera, on paying 25 francs. Should they quit the institution alive, they are asked 100 more; if dead, they are asked—nothing!

Parisian Theatres.—Every precaution is taken in the Paris theatres to preserve the audiences from cholera. In London, the precaution taken is only one, and that a sure one—the *audiences stay away*.

A new paper has been started at Launceston, Van Diemen's Land, of which the first eight numbers have been kindly sent us, and whence we extract the following advertisement:—'Wanted, an idle man, to do nothing. The only necessary qualification is, that he be a good whistler. Board and lodging, and a liberal salary—apply at the Launceston Hotel.'

A filthy fellow near Colchester, undertook for the trifling wager of a shilling to eat eleven large candles in fifteen minutes, which feat he accomplished three minutes within the given time.

The Fishers of Men.—The profits of Fishmongers' Hall last year are said to have exceeded £70,000. How much useful labor might this money have employed!—*Morning paper.*—[And a very great degree of labor, of the most *bone-shaking* description, must have been exerted to bring this *haul* to Fishmongers' Hall, and that at considerable *hazard* too; making the laborers alternately *Rouge et Noir* in their exertions to get over the *flats* which lay in their way.]

An Antwerp Journal contains the following amusing account of a recent duel in that neighborhood:—"On arriving at the ground the two principals, who were to fight with pistols, entered into a parley. 'Come,' said one of them, 'nothing remains but to measure the distance.' 'I will fight at any distance you please,' replied his adversary, 'but if either of us is wounded, there will be an end to the affair, and we may declare ourselves mutually satisfied.' 'Never,' said the first, 'one of us must remain upon the ground.' 'Then you may remain by yourself,' replied the doughty combatant, 'for I have business which calls me away.' With his colloquy, the affair terminated and the parties separated without effusion of blood.

Put to the shift.—The Duchess of Berri, it is said, is in the *habit* of wearing male attire. If this be true, it is evident, whatever her chance of success be, that she is not put to her *shifts*.

Anatomy Bill's accident.—When Lord William Lennox was tumbled out of his cab the other evening in Piccadilly, a certain Irish gentleman of anti-reform principles, who happened to witness the accident, roared out, "By the powers! there's the *Anatomy Bill thrown out*—and no mistake." His Lordship's hat was broken in such a manner that when the same individual picked it up, despoiled of its fair proportions, he could not help saying, "Here's your Lordship's *hat*; it evidently shows the *cap-size* now."

Letting the cat out of the bag, has often been blamed as a weakness; but the horrible contrast to it, related from the Stirling Journal, in a paper of Wednesday, exceeds belief.—A gude wife had been robbed of her *cookeries* by a cat, which she at length caught, tied it up in a bag, and boiled it to death. We believe a cook *once* suffered such a death in Smithfield for poisoning his customers; and a poor dog was put alive into an oven, about twelve years back (opposite the Elephant and Castle,) and baked, for having made free with the biscuits of a fancy bread-maker.

Beauties of Matrimony.—John Thompson, of Chelmsford, "a wo-begone married man," was charged with frightening Sarah Moul, a lady of "a certain age," out of her sober senses and into hyster

LOVE'S LOTTERY.

"I tell you, Don Antonio, my daughter you shall not marry! After having squandered, at the gaming table, the finest estates in all Spain, you still persist in asking me to bestow her on a beggar: why, if you were married to-day, you would stake all you are worth on some favorite card to-morrow; and on the following day I suppose I should see you turn smuggler, or perhaps something worse. No, no! consent to abandon for ever the gaming table, settle the remainder of your fortune on Donna Lyricia, and on these conditions she is yours: that's my ultimatum!"

"Very fine advice," said Don Antonio to himself, as the door was closed in his face for the twentieth time; "but you, old boy, know not the pleasure of play; if you did, instead of going now to doze away the night in useless slumbers, you would turn out and try your luck, just as I now mean to do. However, the old fellow said one truth—that cursed queen of clubs that I have pursued so long will be my ruin! Let me see—how much have I already lost in persisting to bet upon that one card? There's all my sugar plantation in the Havana; there's—but a truce to reflection! There's yet enough left to retrieve my fortune, and then I'll marry Lyricia, whom I love to distraction, and never tempt that jilt, Dame Fortune, more. Oh, Lyricia! words are too weak for the affection I bear you!"

Thus conversing, Don Antonio bent his steps towards the gaming-house, determined to risk all he was worth on the queen of clubs, which, he imagined, from having so often disappointed his hopes, could not disappoint him more. The queen of clubs, however, like many other queens, was not easily propitiated; and, when she did at last appear, she was, as is too often the case, preceded by a knave, which knave was the cause of Don Antonio's losing his last dollar; upon which he darted with fury from the room, upsetting tables, chairs, and every thing that came in his way.

"My love! my money for ever gone! I'm ruined by that infernal queen! The queen has undone me quite—false, perfidious!"

Fortunately, it being night, the policemen as usual were fast asleep, or what Don Antonio did in his frenzy utter might have cost his liberty, perhaps his life, for Godoy was at this time very jealous, and Queen Charlotta just as sensitive as a virtuous woman; therefore not likely to be pleased with being called by opprobrious names. Don Antonio raved and actually tore his hair, those fine, black, clustering ringlets. By the bye, he was the handsomest, aye, and the most accomplished cavalier in all Madrid, though certainly not the most prudent; he had gained honors in the field as well as hearts in the drawing-room; in fact, there was not a lady in all Madrid who would not have been proud of him for a lover, if not for a husband. But now he was bent on disappointing all their hopes, he determined to quench his woes and life altogether in the river.

He pursued his way towards the bridge of Toledo, (oh, mischief, thou art quick to enter into the thoughts of desperate men!) resolved to plunge himself into the Manzanares. He had actually gained the parapet of the bridge in furtherance of his design, when the moon, which had hitherto enshrouded herself in a mantle of dark clouds, shot forth her brilliant beams on the calm, placid stream beneath, lighting up a spectacle which recalled Don Antonio's bewildered imagination to a real sense of *the leap he was about to make*. It is astonishing what a trifle turns one away from the very unpleasant task of committing suicide, and makes us discover, all at once, something agreeable in the world which had just previously been declared to be desolate and comfortless. So it was in this instance with Don Antonio; a mere dart of the moon-beams caused him to waver; but there was likewise another reason—the shallowness of the water beneath was thereby shown, bringing to his mind the jest that "the arches of the Toledo should be sold to purchase water for the river." No gentleman should attempt to drown himself in a shallow river, especially at ebb-tide; besides, Don Antonio was a lover of nature, and for him the moon, the stars, or night that was beautiful, was not made in vain.

"Oh! thou eternal queen of night!" exclaimed he, "thou shinest forth at this moment to tell us there is seduction in nature after all, which bids us live when even hope has fled the breast! Thou showest in the tranquil stream which gently wends its onward course, an image of that peace which the ruffled bosom pants to enjoy, and makest us feel that strife and contention are our creation, and not thine. But what is to be done?" continued he, "shall I throw myself at the feet of some rich dowager, and barter my last hope of happiness for a splendor I can never enjoy? No, rather than that I'll fall by lottery, the prize of any passing adventurer: yes, by lottery!"

No sooner had the idea of a lottery entered the head of Don Antonio than he actually matured the plan of disposing of himself by that very means. In a few days, all Madrid rang with the news of a scheme that the handsome and gallant Don Antonio thus intended to marry himself. But we had better read the advertisement itself:

"TO THE FAIR SEX.

"*Lottery for a Husband!*—Don Antonio de Ribera will dispose of himself in marriage by lottery, in a thousand shares at one doubloon per share. The money, as well as the husband, to be the property of the winner. All complexions (provided they are European) and all ages, from fifteen to fifty, are eligible for shares."

Now, husbands are as scarce in Madrid as in some other great cities; but a husband and a fortune too, and that for a single doubloon, were irresistible attractions for many ladies of a *certain age*, of which it was not difficult to find in Madrid a thousand or upwards. Indeed, the tickets were most eagerly sought, and the lists were closed in a very few days. Many an elderly maiden shed a tear at being obliged to put her money into her purse, instead of purchasing a ticket.

But there was one who shed bitterer tears than these, and who heard of Don Antonio's scheme with that grief which those who despair and still doat have already felt. But the drops Lyricia shed were useless: he who had sworn heaven and earth contained nothing to rival her in his affections, now proclaimed its falsehood by setting himself up the sport of every female gamester who could, perhaps, find a husband by no other means than those by which Antonio sought to mend his fortune. By turns she blamed her credulous, confiding heart, or flattered herself that he loved her still, and saw in this rash act but an excess of despair. She swore to forget—and still remembered; she gave up all hope, and in the mean time sent for an old duenna to consult on her case.

The day for deciding the fate of Don Antonio arrived. The lottery was drawn, and 999 ladies were put to bed dreadfully ill of the head-ache. The fortunate number was 50. To find out the holder was the next affair of Don Antonio; but with what dismay did he learn that a toothless old hag had borne off the prize.

"But, sir, don't be in a rage," said he manager of the lottery, "I think you may annul the bargain, for the lucky jade must be as old as my grandmother at least."

Don Antonio began again to think of the river, and repented of having deferred the hour of making his exit from this world. He however made up his mind to look the whole extent of his misfortune in the face before he took this last resolve, and bent his steps towards the house of the lady whom he had engaged to make happy.

She was seated before a cheval glass, in a handsomely furnished apartment. Don Antonio caught the first glimpse of her features in the mirror. She was a thing of paint and feathers. The deep wrinkles of her age-worn cheeks were visibly reflected in the glass, even beneath the black lace mantilla with which she had veiled her face.

"Oh! that I should have come to this!" exclaimed Don Antonio, with a deep sigh, which caused the lady to turn her head towards the door, and salute her future husband—

"Welcome, my cavalier!" said she, "I have been expecting you these two hours.—The money has already arrived, and the priest is waiting to unite us."

"Madam," said Antonio, "permit me first to explain. I fear there has been some mistake in this affair.—You certainly have overlooked the conditions of this contract, which were not meant to include octogenarians."

The lady's features now assumed an appearance of scorn, which in fact any lady's might well do, at being taken for an age beyond the true one:

"Sir," said she, in a broken voice which at all events argued the want of sufficient lungs to scold much, "I have twenty witnesses to swear that I am not yet fifty, and I will not be cheated out of my lawful husband by any of your caprices."

"If but fifty, you must have led a very dissipated life," muttered Antonio to himself; "but, madam," said he, raising his voice, "never will I consent to be your bridegroom—know that I love another to distraction, and no power on earth shall force me to wed you. Take the gold, which I presume is all you want to make you happy, but if you attempt to enforce your bond, that moment I will end my life, and at all events defeat your preposterous intentions."

The few teeth remaining in the old lady's head began to chatter, as she listened to the ravings of Don Antonio, but she obdurately insisted on the fulfilment of her bargain, the terms of which were very clear:—"The holder of this ticket is entitled to claim Don Antonio de Ribera for a husband, and one thousand ounces of gold as a marriage portion to be settled on herself."

"Hag!" cried Don Antonio, "let me see the vile name inscribed on that ticket which thou art so eager to exchange for mine; I will not be tricked thus."

"My name," said the old lady, "is Lyricia Gonsalez."

"Oh!" exclaimed Don Antonio, "what an unhappy coincidence! that name reminds me of the past—a tide of recollections rush into my mind.—Oh, thou infernal queen! to thee do I owe all of these misfortunes."

"What? I really had a rival then?" exclaimed a voice, and the lovely Lyricia came from her concealment behind an Indian screen. "Then is the fortunate chance which gave you to me of no use. Thus! thus! I tear the fatal paper, now, like the world I live in, a waste and useless blank to me."

"My Lyricia! Star of my life! whose destiny shall ever fix or unfix mine! but hold a moment! explain one circumstance, and all shall be cleared up to your satisfaction: who is the real owner of that ticket?"

"Myself. Despoiled of hope, with but that faint chance left, my grand aunt, whose name, you know, is the same as my own, purchased a share in the lottery, which turns out to be a prize. Felicitating myself that this fortunate result would have completed our happiness, I came hither and learn that a queen is my rival."

"That rival, love, is inanimate, and jealousy of her shall never disturb your peace; it was the *queen of clubs*, whose favor I have sworn never to court more. Thou art the only queen that shall henceforth reign in my heart—none other shall ever enter there."

Don Antonio now found means to pacify the old lady, and convinced her that she was the finest looking woman of her age in the whole universe; and thus the last cloud was dispelled which threatened the satisfaction of the happy trio.

THE NEAT MISS.

I wonder who that neat miss is,
Just passing by my door;
She has the most bewitching phiz,
I ever saw before.

She wears a blue silk velvet hat,
A cloak of claret hue;
You'd not mistake her for a "Flat,"
I'm sure not for a Blue.

A lace mobcap her face surrounds,
And never did I see,
As smiled within its snowy bounds,
So much that suited me.

I caught her eyes last Sabbath day,
Bright as the dew of Hermon,
And why it was, I need not say,
But I forgot the sermon.

'Twas not my fault, though I confess,
That she was not to blame,
Perhaps on twenty lads, or less,
She's often looked the same.

But there was that in her soft glance,
That thrilled me through and through,
That set my heart's blood on the dance,
And turned my *brain* "askew."

So after church, I deemed it best
To don a pair of glasses,
As *shields* to keep my heart at rest,
And save me from the lasses.

Don Miguel's Mother.—In one of the cells of a Parisian mad-house is confined a noble Portuguese, whose brother, only 12 years of age, was hanged at Coimbra as the accomplice of a plan to overthrow the existing form of government!—"What shall we do with this child?" said the chief judge to a woman; "he is only 12 years old." "Twelve years old!" she replied, "so much the better! Let him be hanged forthwith, he will sup with angels." And let his brother (who was a little older) witness the execution from the foot of the scaffold!" The woman who thus commanded the cold-blooded murder of the child was the mother of the present tyrant of Portugal. The execution took place; and the brother, who witnessed this horrible spectacle, lost his senses. The care and ability of Dr Blanche restored him to health; but still pursued by the phantom of his brother's strangled corpse, he became mad a second time.

The Duke of Liancourt, whose estate yielding 100,000 a year, was confiscated during the French Revolution, not long since remarked, while *feasting his eyes on one of those* that had, not been for the revolution, he would never have known how easy it was to wad upon himself.

THE GREAT MATCH RACE FOR $1,000

This race, which has excited so lively an interest among the amateurs and other lovers of the sports of the turf, came off on Saturday last, (as advertised in our paper) on the Central Course, Baltimore, though not under the control of the Club. We shall be able to give some interesting particulars next week, having been promised this by J. S. Skinner, Esq. the able editor of the Turf Register: meanwhile we gather the main incidents from the minutes of the Baltimore Republican. The challenge, it appears, was given by the backers of SNOWBALL, a grey horse from Kentucky, to run a thousand yards against any horse in the Union for $1,000 a side. It was accepted by Messrs. Johnson & Craig, owners of the mare ARIETTA, whose character for speed is well known.

At the appointed time, the rivals came to the post—the Kentucky horse apparently suffering from lameness; which, with the high character of his opponent, caused the betting to run two to one against him. Some old racers, however, considered his lameness a mere trick (not a Yankee one, certainly) which had been learned him by his owners to enable them to take in the "flats" with more ease and certainty;—and so the result would seem to indicate: for he contrived (maugre all his lameness) to win the race, in spite of the fleetness of his competitor. The judges decided that Snowball was the winner by *six inches* only—but then, "A miss is as good as a mile" coolly remarked his backers, as they quietly pocketed their thousands and turned their faces towards their own Kentucky.

CONNECTICUT FIELD SPORTS.

The editor of the New-Haven Advertiser has been treating his readers to a most marvellous "*Combat between a Toad and a Horn Bug.*" With an impressive exordium, before describing the concourse of spectators, the appearance of the ground, the sky, &c. he remarks that "a common sized *toad*," about as big as your fist, gentle reader, "was seen approaching a *horn bug*, in a manner which seemed to indicate some evil design." Expectation was no doubt on tiptoe, and people held their breath, for, he continues: "the spectators accordingly paused to watch the result." We must conclude the account of this "combat" at once so rare, and so rife with incident and interest, in his own words. The aggressor, [he says,] after a few moments' reconnoitering, leaped upon his intended victim, seized him between his jaws, and was about to bear him away in triumph: the horn bug not relishing such treatment, immediately commenced a struggle for release, by making use of his horns, which compelled his gigantic adversary to quit his hold. The captive, encouraged by such unexpected success, seized hold of one of the toad's hind legs, and continued his grasp a short time, perhaps to punish him for his unbecoming conduct. The horn bug was finally pleased to detach himself, at which the toad made his retreat into the grass.

Had we been apprized of an event of such importance in the history of *Connecticut Field Sports*, we should, most undoubtedly, have endeavored to obtain a lithographic sketch of this celebrated and ever-to-be-remembered *combat*, for the amusement and edification of our sporting friends. But we had no invitation—no notice—and much we fear this eventful era will soon be forgotten, or at least go down to posterity "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

EPSOM RACES.

☞ We gave last week a full and satisfactory account of these races, and had intended to take no further notice of them; but the following spirited article, from the columns of "The Age," is so replete with caustic humor that we cannot refuse it a place, even though by so doing we should incur the imputation of bestowing too much attention upon the subject. "The Age" (as will be seen by our extracts this week) is unsurpassed in genuine wit or biting satire by any journal in London; while the freedom with which it handles the would-be and even the really great men of England is almost unparalleled. But we will detain our readers no longer from the history of the Epsom Races—which are thus chronicled:

"Now's your time, and now's your fun,
Since HEPSOM RACES *his* begun!
Hundertakers dressed in black,
Mounted on their neighbor's back;
Ungey gluttons, how they cramm!
Beef and mutton, weal and ham;
Beer's a great tiere's glorious fun—
Now HEPSOM RACES *his* begun!

Half pay Officers in chays;
Dandies laced up in their stays;
Betting clasps, and black legs too,
Taving for their friends to "do,"
Courtezans and dandizettes,
Prigs and thimble-rigs in sets;
Thus way, that way, how they run,
Now HEPSOM RACES *his* begun!

Stanz Ballad, by Lord Molyneux.

Our readers expect us to say something touching the annual races which were celebrated during the past week, and we accordingly do so; though "it would puzzle a conjuror" to say one word upon a race course almost as hackneyed as any horse that was upon it.

It is nothing new to say that Gully and Ridedale, with the jockey Scott, and the classically named St. Giles regularly floored the Cockneys, because we hardly know when the same parties have not done the same thing (barring the precise horse;) and in short we hardly know what *is* new. The main incidents by "flood and field" are recorded in an extract from Lord Molyneux's celebrated ballad, which we have cited above. In addition to this, we find that a little before the start for the *Derby*, the stewards were occupying their valuable time in smoking cigars, and Gully and Mills in *smoking* one another's horses; that plenty of "*heavy wet*" fell about 1, and plenty was drank between 2 and 3; shortly after which the horses started, and at the identical moment a quantity of purses, belonging to the lookers-on, started also, and were very soon distanced. As soon as the race was over, the winners began to pocket the money, and the losers began to pocket—the affront; and while the jockeys were in, weighing, the Cockney betters were *cursing* against their bad jockeyship. All this is however, but the usual course of things on such occasions; and when to all this is added the fact that the worst water was selling for the best wine, and the worst wine for the best brandy; that yearly fowls passing for this year's chickens, and what between prices of Admiry and pegs of Mobility, between grass gooseberries and three thimbles, pads and police, ladies and gentlemen both of *game*, fortune-tellers, new songs on reform, gipsies, thieves, and other interesting characters—we think we have summed up Epsom Races.

Among the winners we perceive Payne, Holleyoake, and others of that kidney—but Exeter lost; so did Worcester; and as Wilton and Frank Rossell always row in the boat of *Le Marquis*, they of course also got swamped. Uxbridge *had* lost, but brought himself home by Friday's race—Richmond was busy in London looking after the mails—as was Lord Brother Bobby at Epsom, looking after the *females*—Dorchester was employed in town, trying to make Buffer Jones fight Sugden but all to no effect—but Lord Stevens, who, between Epsom and the Retford Bill has lately made a good thing of it, lost considerably.—Crosby was *floored*, eventually above; he lost £20,000 to £250 with Gully against Sir Giles, and lost upon which Crosby said "Vy, I think as how Giles caught me in a trap. As you can upon Sir Giles, Mister Gully I advise you not to call your next horse Billingsgate." This is all that has yet come to light, but we think we have said enough to prove the old saying, that

"There are more fools in this wide world,
Than the gods ever made."

☞ CHALLENGE.—The owner of OLIVER (the gallaway that trotted 17 miles within the hour) will bet £100 to £300, that he trots 18 miles within the hour—the same sum, that he jumps his own height and gallops 21 miles within the hour—or will back him to jump for distance over a brook against any horse under 14 hands high—and take a stone to walk, trot, and gallop any horse in England, beginning at 8st. 7lb. and carrying weight for inches. N. B. The walk to be a fair walk.

☞ The racing season has commenced under unusually brilliant auspices. It is stated, that for the seven Newmarket meetings there are already upwards of eighty races, amounting to about £50,000 and the year's engagements throughout the kingdom are little short of £150,000.

A celebrated whip lately drove down from London to an Epsom ball. His partner in a quadrille very naturally inquired if he had experienced a pleasant drive? "Why" said the professor of driving and slang, 'the reads were rather *woolly*, but I put the *fluke* into the tits, and they came along.'

PERCH FISHING.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—There is a variety of fishing that I do not recollect to have seen described in your valuable paper; and having been initiated into the mysteries thereof, during my exile from this city, I have ventured to send you a description of the same, submitting the publication to your discretion.

This sport is practised under the name of *perch fishing*.—The Hudson river abounds in this variety of the finny tribe, but it is only at certain states of the tide and in certain places that they are taken in any considerable quantities. One of the localities most famous for the abundance of perch is a reef of rocks, extending more than half across the river, about six miles north of Newburgh. At each change of tide the river actually swarms with boats, filled with fishermen armed with the fatal lures for the hidden prey.

The tide is so powerful that the fishermen are compelled to use a lead weighing from half a pound to a pound, in order to reach the bottom at all. The weight of the lead precludes of course the use of a rod—hooking one line on the same is practised altogether; and rude and unscientific as this at first seems, a little good luck soon reconciles one to the inconvenience. This heavy lead is fastened to the extreme end of the line, and the hooks are caught on at right angles with the main line, to the number of five or six, giving half a foot's play. Each hook is baited; when you cast into the sweeping tide, and give line until you sound the bottom. Your hooks are then of course near the rocks, and here the perch abound.

The boats are anchored directly on the reef, in about twenty feet water; and it requires a good eye, besides a knowledge of localities, to drop the anchor just at the right spot. The river being a mile and a half broad, this feat is more difficult of performance than would at first seem.

The common red angle-worm is the most usual bait; and, when the hooks are all strung with these tempting morsels, they present an attractive spectacle to the hungry schools of nibblers.—Their bite is wholly unlike the dashing greediness of the trout, or the swift plunge of the pike. They seem to attack the bait and shake it as a dog would a cat; and on getting fast very patiently await the movement of the angler. On feeling a nibble, a slight jerk is given; and some who are expert at the sport do not draw up until they have fastened some three or four. Frequently a number bite so simultaneously that you find half your hooks occupied on drawing up.—'Tis great good luck to have this repeated often; but on a late occasion I saw this happen a dozen times in succession to one wise in the art.

These rock perch are but little inferior as panfish to the prince of fishes—the trout. They vary in weight from three ounces to a pound—are very fat and juicy, and have but few bones.

In a section of country where trouting is limited, this amusement has strong attractions for anglers; and, during these sombre Cholera times, an indulgence in the sport tends to dissipate a portion of that *ennui* which a forced exile from business and friends is so liable to engender.

A CHOLERA DODGER.

Orange County, August 10, 1832.

SPORTING VARIETIES;

From Foreign Publications received at this Office.

A MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT.—During the late swell in the Teviot, there were caught in Ancrum mill-dam not less than fifty salmon and grilses, and the extraordinary quantity of eleven bushels of trout.—[This was wholesale trout-tickling indeed. The *swell* mob of fish collected by the *swell* must have *smelled* the supply amazingly to bring together such a *dam* supply.—Ed.

Tom Duncombe, or "Hertford's pride," is become a most useful man; and the illustrious Buffer Jones could not, in his military acquaintance, find a better second to bear his challenge to Sugden. Tommy's *stories* chatteree as well as his mouth, and fortunately he and Buffer only broke four teeth between them.—Age.

A raven of an extraordinary large size, was shot by John Armstrong, gamekeeper for the noble of Newcastle, to the Right Hon Sir J. R. G. Graham. Its wing, when extended measured four feet eight inches from tip to tip.

An extraordinary otter was taken on Monday week, in the river Coquet, by the Rothbury and Linden otter hounds. After fully two hours pursuit, the animal was at length captured, and measured in length 32 1-2 inches, and in circumference at the shoulder 24 inches. What is very remarkable, the animal had nine white spots on its skin, some the size of a shilling, and others as large as a half crown. Thus is the fear of so great magnitude that was ever known to be taken in England.

Death sacrifice.—Mr Costegan, of Ely place, feeling offended at a paragraph in the *Dublin Comet*, a rencontre took place in the saloon of the theatre between him and Mr Sheehan of that paper, who thereupon challenged Mr. Costigan to fight a duel. A meeting took place and four shots were exchanged without effect; the police at length interfered, and put a stop to further firing.—[After all this blazing, no harm was done either by or to the *Comet*, who is now at liberty to make as long and fiery a *tale* as it pleases out of this *dangerous* conflict, wherein *four* shots were exchanged, and *happily* no mischief done.]

At Torres Novas, Major —— of the —— regiment, whose poultry-yard was the object of envy to the whole division, purchased in this town, for the trifling sum of a thousand reys, (a dollar and a quarter,) some eight-and-twenty *pintados-pintadoes*, or little speckled cocks. Not being aware at the time of their pugnacious disposition, he unwittingly ordered them to be tether'd at night as usual, in his poultry-yard, within fighting distance of each other, and was not a little amazed in the morning to find them all dead, or dying, except one, which as if conscious that he was "cock of the walk," perched himself upon a tent-peg, and gave him a crow of triumph, as he peeped from under his dew dropping canvass to count heads.

A Fact.—At Dropmore, Bucks, (the seat of Lord Grenville,) on Thursday morning last, the men employed in the garden observed the swans on the lake in an agitated state; and several ducks having been lately stolen, they repaired to the lake, when they observed a fox approach the water, snatch up a fish, and run off with it.—The party gave chase, and Reynard dropped his prey, which proved to be a pike, weighing 3 1-2 pounds.—*Windsor Express.*

A fine white mouse, with pink eyes, has this week been caught alive in a trap, on the premises of Mr. Bunting, on the Long-row. This is the first instance we have known of a white mouse, in a wild state, having been caught in this town.

Mr. Field and his sister, Mrs. Mark, were awarded ten pounds each at the lake Gloucester Assizes, by Mr. Justice Taunton, for beating a mob of rioters out of a public house in Bristol—the one *with a poker*, and the other *with a child in her arms*.

THEATRICAL ETC.—Wallack it is said has departed for this country—Charles Kemble and his talented daughter are on the eve of embarkation, and other performers of standing are announced as forthcoming; and we have here a full corps of Italians for the opera, just arrived. We are compelled to pause for a moment and contemplate—what a brief period has elapsed since our patriot sires would have looked with wonder upon the efforts of the meanest mountebank! Now we have all the refinment characteristic of the most civilized portions of Europe, with, thank God! none of the effeminacy or fettering distinction to which they are there subject. Well has Jeffrey denominated this country the "infant giant" and well might it be termed the Minerva of modern days, springing to life full grown, and armed at point, "exactly cap a pie."

The vice versa of the theatrical world must now occur: for who will remain in England? Young has retired—Kean is merely glimmering in the socket, and none but Macready is, to break the phlegm of John Bull and awaken his enthusiasm. Our transatlantic brethren will now be looking to us for Theatrical and Dramatic intelligence—We shall possess the most imposing histrionic talent, and in the person of Howard Payne, our justly esteemed countryman, one of the most successful dramatists. Withal we have reclaimed the pride of the age, Washington Irving, and the celebrated Spurzheim has recently trod the shores of our far sought land.

Should the pestilence shortly cease its ravages, the sons of science, of the arts, and of rational amusement, will experience enjoyment of an exalted character, rendered still more charming by the exhilaration of feeling, which will necessarily follow the flight of this dreaded pestilence; hanging, as it does, like an incubus upon the feelings even of the most hardy. Traveller.

CASTLE GARDEN AND THE BATTERY.—In the absence of all other places of recreation, we observe, with pleasure, that the Battery and Castle Garden are now places of fashionable afternoon walks. At no former corresponding season have we met more fashionable promenaders; and it is due to Mr. Marsh, of Castle Garden, to state, that his early evening band of music is always acceptable.

The sea shore is recommended in times of cholera; and while those who have gone from home to enjoy the advantage, we, the dependants upon a city residence, resort, with the same advantage, to the enviable walks on the Battery, and the elevated promenades of Castle Garden —*Gazette.*

A FACT.

Who shall presume to affirm themselves convalescent if doctors are of a contrary opinion? Two or three days since, a negro woman in Cedar street, hinted to her mistress that she was not altogether compos mentus. The lady soon discovered the premonitory symptoms in the unfortunate servant, and immediately proceeded to the Park hospital with the intelligence. She stated how the woman was affected, with of course the necessary additions. The doctors pronounced it a decided case of cholera, and a litter was immediately despatched for poor Rose. Before it arrived, however, she was entirely recovered from her attack, and not feeling inclined to be immured in a sickly ward, gave battle to the ill omened mercenries of fate—declared she was healthier than themselves, and moreover would not be stewed up in a dirty handbox to please any body. They insisted she was sick, as the doctors had said so, and that it was very impudent of her to suppose herself *weller* than they, and more than all, that it was impossible to return without her. At length they compromised the business, the woman agreeing to accompany them, provided they allowed her to walk beside the litter; and when at the hospital, it was with no little difficulty she was allowed to return home—the doctors being of opinion that she could form no correct judgment of her own condition.

This reminds us of an anecdote of a sailor, who, being supposed dead, was ordered by the doctor to be flung overboard. However, when lifted from the deck by a comrade, he exclaimed, "Damn it, Jack, I'm not dead enough to be stowed in the locker yet." 'Hold your tongue, you fool,' quoth Jack, 'the doctor says you are dead, and I'm sure he knows more about such matters than you.'" Traveller.

We were glad yesterday to see the return of many of our merchants who had been absent, some on business, and others to keep clear of the cholera. The favorable reports of our Board of Health, and the appearance of the cholera in every section of the country, has, no doubt, brought many to the conclusion, that the city of New-York is as safe as any other place. This being so, it cannot be many days before we shall have the pleasure of witnessing a more enlivening state of business. As it is, many houses are engaged with their orders, and others are supplying customers from abroad.—*Gazette.*

REPARTEE OF BUNYAN.—Towards the close of Bunyan's imprisonment, a quaker called on him, probably hoping to make a convert of the author of the Pilgrim. He thus addressed him, 'Friend John, I am come to thee with a message from the Lord: and after having searched for thee in half the prisons in England, I am glad that I have found thee at last.' 'If the Lord had sent you,' sarcastically returned Bunyan, 'you need not have taken so much pains to find me out—for the Lord knows that I have been a prisoner in Bedford jail for these twelve years past.'

—Sir Walter Scott had the honor of being presented to the king of Naples. So says a letter from thence. We hope the king was sensible that the honor was on his side.

Miscellaneous.

ANTI-CHOLERA PLASTER.

(CERTIFICATE.)

"Messrs. L. MORANGE & DAVIS:

"*Gentlemen*—The virtues of your Gum Plaster, as an effectual promoter of perspiration, have been long known to me. It appears peculiarly adapted to be of great service at the present period, when the Cholera is raging, one of the prominent effects of which is to interrupt, if not wholly to suspend the salutary functions of the skin. It supplies in most cases the use of the warm bath where this expedient cannot be had recourse to: it is an excellent substitute for flannel, and it is in my opinion preferable to the use of irritating plasters, answering all their good effects, and better both more gentle and agreeable in its operation. It should be so worn as to surround the chest and stomach pretty generally, and be occasionally changed. It will prove essentially serviceable to those who are about changing their residence from the country to the city, and vice versa, as it preserves an equable temperature on the surface, so apt to be impaired by variations of atmospheric locality. Yours truly,

DANIEL L. M. PEIXOTTO, M. D.
President of the Medical Society.

New-York Aug. 1 1832.

"I concur in the above opinion.

FRANCIS E. BERGER, M. D.

"I have been in the habit of using the Gum Plaster for years, in medical and surgical cases, and believe it a valuable auxiliary to the healing art. VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.

Aug. 2, 1832.

MEDICATED OIL SILK.

New-York, August 23, 1832.

The Medicated Oil Silk, manufactured by B. Morange, is capable of being applied with great advantage, in most cases of Gout, Rheumatism, Chronic enlargements, Stiffness in the joints, and Glandular Tumors, and in some cases is preferable to any other remedy with which we are acquainted.

VALENTINE MOTT, M. D. | JOHN WATTS, M. D.
DAVID HOSACK, M. D. | A. H. STEPHENS, M. D.
SAML L. MITCHELL, M. D. | WRIGHT POST, M. D.
W. J. MACNEVEN, M. D. | C. F. DELAFIELD, M. D.
R. S. KISSAM, M. D. | JOHN NEILSON, M. D.
FELIX PASCALIS, M. D.

L. Morange & Davis, 105 William street, having been appointed by the proprietor sole agents for the Anti Cholera Plaster and Medicated Oil Silk, none is genuine unless accompanied by this certificate, and signed with their signature.

FOR LONG BRANCH,

EATONTOWN, RED BANK, AND THE OCEAN HOUSE, AT SHREWSBURY INLET.

The new and elegant steamboat DAVID BROWN, Capt. James Pennoyer, will commence her regular trips for the above places on Sunday morning next, August 5th, running alternately to Eatontown and Red Bank in the following order, viz:—

Will leave Fulton Market wharf for Eatontown every Monday and Saturday: For Red Bank every Sunday and Wednesday morning, at 8 o'clock precisely. Returning, she will leave from each place at 12 o'clock noon, stopping at the Ocean House Dock, at Shrewsbury Inlet, until 1-2 past 3 o'clock P. M. each day. By the above arrangement passengers will have an opportunity to remain at Long Branch several hours—sufficient time to bathe, dine, &c. and return to the city at an early hour in the afternoon. Stages will always be in attendance to convey passengers to Long Branch and other parts of the country.—Fare to and from Eatontown, Red Bank, and Shrewsbury Inlet, 50 cents each way.

A trip to the Ocean House at Shrewsbury Inlet, or to Long Branch, is not surpassed by any similar excursion in the vicinity of New-York.

Boats, fishing-tackle and bait always to be had at the Ocean House of L. Stillman.

PAINTINGS.

THE celebrated Collection of Paintings, for fifteen years known in Paris as the *De Sauveville Collection*, is now publicly exhibited at the new Gallery, No. 271 Broadway, (entrance in Chambers-street.)

It will present to the admiration of connoisseurs and amateurs, master-pieces of the first order from among the four schools,—Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and French, by Raphael, Titiano, Paul Veronese, Caracci, Guercino, Francesco, Biola, Fra-Bartolomeo, Carlo Dolce, Diego Velasquez, Murillo, Ruben's and Daniel Seghers, Rembrandt, Cuyp, Snevders, de Koningh, Peuers, Claude Lorrain, Van Dyck, Bessitur, &c. with a supplement of several fine Paintings, by or after Gubio, Caravaggio, Pomarancio, Casali, lately brought from Rome, by the Rt Rev. D. I——.

Admittance 25 cents—Children half price—Quarterly Tickets $1.

Catalogues, explicative and historical, 36 pp. in 18mo. 12 1-2 cts.

The room is open from 8 o'clock until dusk.

THE TWO HARES, by Paulus Potter.—This celebrated and wonderful picture is publicly exhibited in the back room of the Sauveville's Gallery, 5 Chamber-street.

Admittance 25 cents—children half price—quarterly tickets $1.

Description delivered gratis. The room is open from 8 o'clock until dusk.

OCEAN HOUSE,

At Shrewsbury Inlet, near Long Branch.

CAPT. JAMES PENNOYER respectfully informs the Public that the above House, under the superintendence of Mr. LAWRENCE STILLMAN, is now open for the Season.

This ESTABLISHMENT, being in the immediate vicinity of the OCEAN, offers rare inducements to persons desirous of enjoying the luxuries, during the Summer Months, of a *Sea Breeze, and of Sea or River Bathing.*

The new Steamboat DAVID BROWN leaves New-York from Fulton Market Wharf every day (except Thursday) for the above place, and lands passengers within Fifty Yards of the House. Persons leaving the city in the morning, can remain nearly six hours, and return by 6 o'clock, P. M.

BOATS, Fishing Tackle, Bait, &c. can be obtained at any time.

TO HOUSE CARPENTERS.

A YOUNG man wishes to bind himself as an Apprentice to the trade of a House Carpenter, for the term of 3 or 4 years. For further information inquire at 197 Pearl-street.

WANTED

A young man wishes a situation as a bar keeper or clerk in a grocery store, he has been in the like capacity for the last two years and can give the best of recommendations. A small salary is required. Please address C. C. 197 Pearl street, or apply personally.

ALSO—A young man wishes a situation as a book keeper or clerk in some respectable house; he has been in the like capacity for a number of years, the best references given, and a small salary required. Please address J. S. at 197 Pearl street, or apply personally.

AGENCY OFFICE.

AMERICAN and Foreign Agency Office, No. 197 *Pearl-street*, near Chatham-street, New-York.

Merchants, Hotels, Public Houses, Private Families, Boarding-house Keepers and others, can always be supplied with the best of help, such as Clerks, Barkeepers, Housekeepers, Seamstresses, Chambermaids, Nurses, Waiters, and Cooks of every description.

People from the country can always find good employment in the different branches, and good wages, by giving satisfactory references.

Captains of vessels can always procure Mates, Stewards, Cooks and Cabin Boys. Steamboats supplied with Chambermaids, Waiters and Cooks, &c. by applying at the above mentioned Office.

He also attends to the Land Agency Business, such as buying, selling and letting Houses, Lots and Farms.

N. B. Notes, Bills, and Accounts collected, and returns made punctually. good references given.

D. F. MOSES, *Agent.*

The Autumn Races.

FALL RACES,

OVER THE UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE Fall Races over this Course will take place the first week of October next. The purses will be run for on the second, third, and fourth days of said month—heats of three, two, and four miles. The amount of each, with particulars, will be given in a future advertisement.

In addition to which the following stakes (three of which yet remain open) will be contended for:

Post-stake, all ages, $1000 each, p. p. four mile heats; to come off Monday, October 1st, and to close on the 10th of September next—three entries or no race. Three year olds 90 lbs.; four years 104 lbs.; five years 111 lbs.; six years 121 lbs.; aged 126 lbs. 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings.

Sweepstakes, for three year olds, 200 dollars each, half forfeit, mile heats—colts 90 lbs.; fillies 87 lbs.; 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings—to come off on the 2d of October, and to close Sept. 10th. Three subscribers or no race.

Sweepstakes, for three year olds, 150 dollars each, 50 dollars forfeit, mile heats; colts 90 lbs.; fillies 87 lbs.; 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings—to come off Oct. 3d; five subscribers; closed June 1st, 1832.

Sweepstakes, all ages, 300 dollars each, half forfeit, two mile heats; to carry weight as in the poststakes above: to come off October 4th, and to close on the 10th of September next: three entries or no race.

Gentlemen who wish to subscribe to either of the above stakes which yet remain open, will please to signify the same in person, or by letter addressed to the undersigned.

C. R. COLDEN, *Clerk of the Course.*
Union Course, Jamaica, N. Y.

DUTCHESS CO. RACES,

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

THE Fall Races over the Dutchess County Course will commence on Tuesday, October 2d, and continue three days.

First day, at 12 o'clock, sweepstakes for three year old colts, two miles out, for 300 dollars each, 100 dollars forfeit; six subscribers.

At 2 o'clock, two mile heats, purse 200 dollars.

Second day, at 12 o'clock, one mile heats, purse 100 dollars, free for any colt, three years old or under, bred in the counties of Dutchess or Columbia.

At 2 o'clock, three mile heats, purse 300 dolls.

Third day, at 2 o'clock, four mile heats, purse 500 dollars.

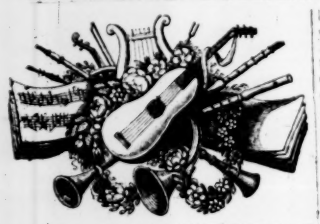
Poughkeepsie, July 9, 1832.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

LANCASTER, PA.

THE Fall Races for 1832, over the Hamilton Course (near Lancaster) will commence on Tuesday, the 18th day of September, and continue four days.

First day, a sweepstakes, mile heats, for three year olds, 100



The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

EPITAPHS.

CRISPIN AND KITTY.

Supposed to be written by a poor broken-hearted Cobbler on the Death of his Wife.

As close as to the sturdy *Sole*,
Is stitched the *Upper Leather*,
While I on Hoofs clos'd many a Hole,
We *Hoof'd* thro' Life together.

We Wed'd in Love a faithful *Pair*,
I prais'd her as my *Ax!*
But when at *Last* her *End* drew near,
Death *Cuz'd* her from my *Stall*.

Yet tho' my *Larstone's* now a Load,
My *Strap* scarce worth attending;
I trust my *Kit* now finds Abode,
Where Soul's no more want *Mending!*

Then Crispin sung, in doleful Dumps,
Tho' Bootless *wet the Stave*;
Till Eyes that shone'd o'er Shoes & Pumps,
Were closed in KITTY'S *Grave!*

ON JOHN ADAMS,

of Southwell, a Carrier, who died of drunkenness.

John Adams lies here, of the Parish of Southwell,
A *carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth well,
He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,
He could *carry* no more, so was *carried* at last;
For the liquor he drank being too much for one,
He could not *carry* off, so he's now *carri ed*.

—— STREY, Esq. vs. OFFLEY CREW, Esq. CRIM. CON.

SHREWSBURY, Eng.—Before Mr. Justice Taunton.

Mr. Jarvis stated that this was an action brought by the plaintiffs against the defendant for criminal conversation with his wife, accompanied with every circumstance of aggravation. The parties were both of considerable fortune and station in the county of Salop. The plaintiff resided at Tunstall Hall, and possessed a fortune of about £4,000 a year. The defendant was the son of the Rev. Offley Crewe, who had large preferments in the church, and a very considerable estate in Montgomeryshire. It was an affecting circumstance in this case that the parties were both the only sons of clergymen of the Church of England; they had been school-fellows, and both were members of the same college. The plaintiff had met the lady who was the subject of this inquiry at Buxton, she being then a beautiful girl of 18, and he soon after became, as he thought, the happiest of mankind in the possession of this beautiful and accomplished young lady, whom he married in 1818, her beauty and her accomplishments being her only dowry. The defendant had also married a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, the daughter of Admiral Lake. The plaintiff and the defendant resided at a distance of only a mile and a half; and that friendship which had commenced at school, and had been matured at college, continued after the marriage of both; and scarcely a day passed without some intercourse between the families. The lady who was the subject of this inquiry had a family of six children, the youngest of them not much more than a year old. The defendant, too, was a parent; and it would be shown that the intercourse of friendship had been made the means of seduction. It would appear that, on the 13th of January last, in consequence of suspicions that they entertained, the servants resolved to watch the defendant; for up to that time the plaintiff had not the slightest suspicion of the infidelity of his wife. On that day Mr. Clive (a neighbor of the parties) had invited friends, some of whom were to take beds at his house, as they were to join in the chase the following day. The plaintiff was invited, and the servant who brought the note mentioned that he had also a note for the defendant; and the latter coming to lunch at the plaintiff's on that day, there was no doubt that the assignation was made. The plaintiff went to Mr. Clive's, and he and the defendant there dined together; and it would be proved that when the hour of 11, P. M. arrived, the defendant said he was obliged to return home, to meet a person from Wales, who came on business respecting his estates. The servants of the plaintiff suspecting something which he would not now state, it was arranged by them that the butler should station himself that night at a window which commanded a view of the plaintiff's bedroom door; and that the keeper and coachman should station themselves in other places. Mrs. Strey had ordered the servants to bed, but they went to the places appointed to watch; and at about a quarter past 11 Mrs. Strey came out of her room in her nightdress, and, after listening for a short time, she went down and unlocked the outer door, and then went to her bed-room again, leaving her room door ajar. After this a horse was heard, and the defendant was seen by the keeper to enter the house, and by the butler to enter Mrs. Strey's bed-room. The coachman went to Mr. Clive's to inform the plaintiff; but Mr. Clive's butler, with a prudence that did him credit, would not allow the coachman to see his master, (who had gone to bed,) fearing that if the plaintiff knew of what had occurred while the defendant was still in the house, death might have ensued. The next morning Mrs. Strey got up about four o'clock, and, suspecting that she had been watched, she inquired if any of the servants had been up. He ought to have stated that the keeper had resolved to watch the horse of the defendant, and he did so till the defendant came up to him before day-break, and, on the keeper laying hold of the defendant, he said he had lost his way coming back from Mr. Clive's. Next day the servants went to the house of Mr. Clive, and he could not describe the sensations that the plaintiff experienced when the matter was communicated to him. However, under the advice of some friends, the plaintiff had to inform his unhappy wife that she must quit his house for ever. Upon this Mrs. Strey became exceedingly ill, and could not leave till the Monday following, when the plaintiff sent her away in his own carriage, attended by his own medical man, to what was certainly the fittest asylum for her, the residence of her mother at Cheltenham. In this case he could say more than in all others. Who was it that had been guilty of this enormity? The friend and companion of the plaintiff. Another aggravation was the state of the plaintiff's family. He had daughters, the eldest of them scarcely old enough to know the loss they had sustained, and the youngest child (a son) was born only last January twelvemonths, and there was but too much reason to fear that he was the son of the defendant. What must be the feelings of the plaintiff when, in seeing this child, instead of its reflecting his own image, he saw in it the likeness of the man who had injured him so irreparably? It was impossible for any language to describe the distress to which the act of the defendant had reduced the plaintiff; and what was the compensation that the plaintiff was entitled to? If he should be shown to have been the most affectionate of husbands, the kindest of fathers, and the sincerest of friends, no damages would be sufficiently large to compensate him for the injury that he had received. The character of the plaintiff for conjugal and parental affection could not be attacked.

A number of witnesses were then called to prove the case for the plaintiff. It appeared that Mrs. Strey had been a Miss Anna Ogilvie Smithwick, and that she had been born in Ireland and educated in England. She was married to the plaintiff at Tewkesbury in 1818. The defendant has a wife and five children, and lives at Muston, at the rectory of his father, who is more than 80 years of age. Several of the witnesses swore to having seen Mrs. Strey and the defendant walking in the shrubbery with his arm around her waist, on which occasion he kissed her three or four times.

Mr. Campbell addressed the jury for the defendant, contending that his client had used none of the usual arts of seduction, and that the advances appeared in the first instance to have come from Mrs. Strey.

Mr. Justice Taunton having summed up the case, the jury retired, and after a short consultation returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages £5,000.

English paper.

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REMOVAL.

JOHN BURDELL, DENTIST, has removed his office from 229 1-2 Broadway, to 303 corner of Duane and Broadway. ☞ Entrance in Duane street.

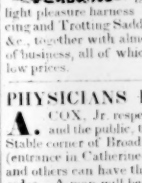
REMOVAL.

DR. S. BAKER & SON Dentists have removed to 61 Bowery corner of Walker street, entrance in Walker St.

DR. I. FRANCIS.

SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York

Saddles, Harness, Trunks, &c.



J. B. CARTER 143 Bowery returns sincere thanks to a generous public and in particular to gentlemen of the Turf, both in this and neighboring cities, for their liberal and increasing patronage. He has on hand and is constantly manufacturing, light pleasure harness of every description, Racing and Trotting Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Spurs &c., together with almost every article in his line of business, all of which will be sold at his usual low prices. June 23, 1832

PHYSICIANS LIVERY STABLE

A. COX, Jr. respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has opened a Livery Stable corner of Broadway and Catherine-Lane, (entrance in Catherine-Lane) where physicians and others can have their horses kept in the best order. A man will be in attendance at all hours, to wait on gentlemen at their dwellings. Inquire at the Stable, or at the proprietor's Steam Scouring Establishment, 80 Cedar-street, one door east of Broadway. je 9

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W. H. MAXWELL Attorney, Counsellor at law, Conveyancer and *Commissioner* (resident in the city of New York) appointed for the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Georgia, Massachusets, New Hampshire, New York, &c. with authority to examine witnesses under Commissions emanating from the Courts of said states—to take depositions, affidavits, the acknowledgement of deeds, powers of Attorney and *all instruments under seal to be used or recorded* in either of said states—Commissions to examine witnesses, transmitted to W. H. M. (with instructions) from any part of the United States promptly attended to—also bills, bonds and debts, in the city of New York collected. Office No. 70 Liberty street, four doors East of Broadway.

A CARD.

REAL Estate and City Registering office No 197 Pearl street. Office for supplying young and middle-aged men with situations, also for giving and receiving advice on any subject. Also for procuring partners, agents, clerks, or in fact any kind of help.

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No. 7 THEATRE ALLEY,
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NEW-YORK.

L. I. COHEN.

REFINED Black Lead Pencil and Everpoint Pencil manufacturer and importer of Fancy Articles, 71 William street New-York.

BEHEAN,
HAIR CUTTER AND DRESSER,
No. 111 Broadway, New-York.

LOST.

IN the afternoon of Friday the 13th inst. a RED MOROCCO WALLET, containing fifteen dollars, $10 on the United States Bank, and $5 on the Bank of New-York. The finder, by leaving it at this office, will be rewarded for his trouble.

July 14, 1832.

Cholera Medicines

AS prescribed according to the report of the Edinburgh Medical Board of Health, on the mode of preventing and treating the Cholera—warranted Genuine to be had at 195 Pearl street where may be had any kind of Cholera medicines, warranted of the best quality.

R. H. ELTON,

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MR. THOMAS'S Poem on Intemperance in five cantos is for sale at the bookstores of H. C. Sleight, Burnett & Smith, D. Appleton and J. Seymour, New-York, and Bigelow & Worthington, Brooklyn.

Periodical Works.

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To all lovers of field sports the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine ought to be entertaining and instructive, and as the Editor flatters himself useful to the rising generation, in turning them off from gaming and other vicious drawing them off from gaming and other vicious amusements—but to all breeders or amateurs of the *horse* it would seem to be indispensable, from the circumstance that they must refer to it for the likeness, history and performances of the most celebrated, and the pedigrees of all thorough-bred horses, as well as for the best instructions on breeding, breaking to the saddle and harness, management in sickness and its health, feeding, training, shoeing, &c. &c.

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☞ JOHN H. GOURLIE, at the Post Office, is Agent for the city of New-York.

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G. P. MORRIS, T. S. FAY, N. P. WILLIS, Editors.

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Its steady and marked improvement, furnishes a satisfactory pledge that its progress, in every department, will continue to keep pace with the increase of its already extensive circulation. We have received the certain and gratifying evidences that it is read and improved by the most intelligent classes throughout the U. States.

ENGRAVINGS.—The Embellishments for the Tenth Volume will be of the most *costly* and *beautiful* kind, consisting of full sized Super-Royal Quarto Plates, executed expressly for the work by the best Artists. Besides the *Vignette*, there will be four superb Engravings issued during the year, which, if published separately, would alone equal the amount of subscription to the Mirror. As a guarantee for the excellence of this department, it has been placed under the direction of Mr. R. W. Weir.

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